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THE SATURDAY REVIEW

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DAME FANNY LUCY HOUSTON, D.B.E., widow of the late Sir Robert Houston, Bart., passed away very peacefully on Tuesday evening in her Hampstead home, after a short illness.

Reprinted from the "Daily Mail."

Make Terms with Germany

FAR from showing any signs of amelioration during Christmastide, the Spanish situation has deteriorated, and Spain has again become the centre of an intervention crisis.

Strong pressure is being put by the Reds upon the British Government to abandon its policy of non-intervention. The intention is clear. Moscow, as the Pope said in his Christmas broadcast, is making "renewed attempts to bring about the ruin of the most fundamental principles of human society, of the family and of the individual."

All the world knows that the Spanish civil war was engineered by Moscow—Russian aeroplanes, tanks, machine guns, war materials of all kinds have been poured into the country. Is there any wonder that Germany and Italy have declared their determination not to tolerate the establishment of a Red regime in the Peninsula?

A plain duty lies before the British Government. It is, while observing strict non-intervention in Spain, to pursue the task of restoring European stability. An agreement with Italy to return to the former friendship in the Mediterranean is on the point of completion. **The time has now arrived when Britain should come to terms with Germany also.**

That great nation is one of the strongest armed Powers in the world. She has met, and defeated, the subversive influences of Communism within her own borders and, by a series of resolute actions, has demonstrated her strength and her formidable influence.

But she remains among the "have-not" nations. The pressure upon her population and her urgent need of raw materials have confronted Germany **with vital problems not experienced by nations more fortunately placed.**

She has recently been giving strong expression to her difficulties and the means by which she considers they may be solved. Her just aspirations must be met if the appeasement the world so sorely needs is to be attained. Is it not wiser to consider what concessions may be made now, rather than let matters drift until a general settlement becomes impossible?

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SATURDAY REVIEW

FOUNDED
IN
1855

Written Only for Men and Women Who
Love Their Country

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Through the Looking Glass

HOME AFFAIRS

Menace to Peace

One of the menaces to peace is the existence of a fat and lazy Empire whose possessions others covet and whose possessions are not properly guarded.

Any hopes that Geneva ever held out of Collective Security were dashed to pieces over the Abyssinian episode. They were weakened—though our statesmen did not see it—as soon as the League lacked the membership of the United States, Germany, and Japan, and the support of Italy.

In a world full of potential clashes and conflict in which Collective Security has failed and Geneva has become a menace and not a safeguard, Britain's first need is to arm, and arm heavily.



There must be no excuses for dilatoriness. At present our forces are ill-equipped and undermanned.

They must be properly equipped and properly manned whatever the cost, for the alternative is national destruction.

Making Us Safe

Those charged with the duty of making us safe must either perform that duty or give place to younger and more active men.

The process of arming is not going to be easy. It will demand sacrifices from everybody. Youth will have to abandon for a time its golf and its tennis, its pillion riding and its jazz to learn how to protect itself from raids and how to succour others.

Those older, whose physical energy is not adapted to such work, must serve in other ways.

All must be prepared to pay in time and money.

Those who say that Britain cannot afford to arm must be made to realise that Britain cannot afford not to arm, for her survival depends upon it.

And while the needs of re-armament cause us to overspend heavily abroad for the necessities of the campaign of safety, our trading position must be adjusted by a common effort to make more and more use of home products.

**

Home-Grown Supplies

The Government must not only give us arms and men to use them in our defence. They must help the farmer to grow more, and the housewife to have more home-grown supplies.

In a word, our democracy, if it is not to be our destruction, must take a leaf from the books of the dictators. It must organise itself.

Either we must live hard for a time or we shall die.

Either we must throw all our effort into the work of protecting ourselves from unexpected attack or humiliation, or we shall see our Empire plunged into the ignominy and nothingness that befell the great empires of old.

Nothing but a dedication to this supreme task can save us from the fate of Nineveh and Tyre, from the obliteration of Rome and Greece.

Shabby Treatment

Mr. Lloyd George's message to Edward VIII—phrased with characteristic frankness—must have found many an echo throughout the Empire.

Loyal as all are to the new King, determined as the British races are to keep the Throne as the great symbol and link of Empire, it is impossible to dismiss the feeling that the abdication of Edward VIII, with his unique gifts of personality and his long record of devoted service, was a sacrifice that could and should have been avoided.

What Mr. Lloyd George calls "shabby and stupid treatment" will appear strangely to history as an episode in which a Premier on one Thursday told the Commons that there was no crisis and on the following Thursday told them that their King had abdicated—and in the interval told the nation nothing.

We have still to learn what led to the abrupt abdication of King Edward VIII and what efforts his advisers made to prevent it.

Had Mr. Lloyd George been at home that odd fabric of silence might have been pierced, and a deplorable secret process leading to the loss of undoubtedly the most popular monarch and Englishman been thwarted.

COLLIN BROOKS in the *Sunday Dispatch*.

**

"Kept in Silence"

Two influential voices have been raised in opposition to the recriminations which have followed Edward VIII since he left this country. The utterances of the Bishop of Chelmsford and Mr. Lloyd George form a welcome contrast to the uncharitable observations of the two Archbishops and others who hastened to follow their example.

There are many who, in company with Mr. Lloyd George, resent the "mean and unchivalrous attacks" upon Edward VIII after his renunciation, and "regret the loss sustained by the British Empire of a monarch who sympathised with the lowliest of his subjects." There is none who will not join in the sentiments of the Bishop of Chelmsford when he bids us all "remember with sincere gratitude the great service that he rendered to the country as Prince of Wales."

Daily Mail.

**

Edward VIII and South Wales

"My conviction is that had it not been for the self-imposed visit of the King to South Wales, this winter would have seen something like an insurrection in some of the South Wales valleys. . . ." These words were spoken by the Rev. Henry Carter, general secretary of the Methodist Social Welfare Department.

An ex-president of the South Wales and Monmouthshire Federated Chambers of Trade has

estimated that in the last ten years the general population of the Rhondda has declined by over 30,000. People are leaving daily; the Rhondda is rapidly becoming derelict, with empty shops and houses, and thrifty, hard-working people who have exhausted their savings are faced with heartbreaking poverty.

To this and similar districts Edward VIII brought a message of hope. He was received with loyalty and an emotion that was as warm as it was spontaneous. No one could fail to have been deeply moved by the spectacle of the people, many of them poorly clad and under-nourished, waiting patiently to greet the ambassador of a new prosperity . . . their own beloved Prince of Wales.

The Patriot.

**

Baldwin's Excuse

I was perturbed while I was in the United States to read Mr. Baldwin's speech in which he excused himself for having neglected our defences because of the necessity of winning the general election.

This seemed to me a poor excuse, even if it were true, for surely it would be better to be defeated at an election and go out of office than bear the responsibility of leaving the country undefended.



But it is not even true that the country would not have voted for Mr. Baldwin's Government if he had practised and preached the cause of re-armament; such evidence as there is leads to the opposite conclusion.

Those members of Parliament who were most prominent in urging re-armament were among the few who gained larger majorities at the general election of 1935 than they had obtained in the landslide of 1931.

**

Personal Experience

It may be urged that they were mostly fighting southern constituencies, which, on the whole, are more alive to the necessity of national defence; so perhaps I shall be excused for quoting from my own personal experience in Liverpool.

At the general election I fought the West Toxteth division, a dockside constituency in which unemployment was rampant.

Though I made re-armament the principal issue of my campaign, and though I deliberately espoused this cause in a way which might well have been thought blatant by those who had been

nurtured on Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's rosy views about disarmament, I polled 5,000 more votes than were polled only four months before in the same constituency at a by-election in which the Conservative candidate made little or no mention of the need for re-armament.

**

Mr. Lloyd George's Telegram

Mr. Lloyd George's Christmas telegram to Edward VIII, which was circulated by the Press Association recently, was the most important news item during the holidays.

Three London evening newspapers of widely different political leanings published it prominently in their front pages.

Editors no doubt felt that whether or not they agreed with Mr. Lloyd George's sentiments, the first expression of opinion on the greatest news topic of the day from Britain's war-time Prime Minister was an event of deep significance.

The B.B.C., however, suppressed the news altogether.

Perhaps its governors felt that as no newspaper was to be published on Christmas Day or Boxing Day there would be no large scale detection of its illegitimate and improper tampering with news values.

At any time such a suppression would have been reprehensible, but at a period when for two days there are no newspapers the B.B.C. has a particular obligation to give a fair and impartial news summary.

RANDOLPH CHURCHILL in the *Sunday Dispatch*.

**

Prof. Murray's Mis-statements

Speaking at a meeting of the League of Nations Union at Sevenoaks on December 7, Prof. Gilbert Murray, the chairman of the Union, made the following preposterous remark about Spain:—

"The Italians wanted to get a war in Spain so they got a revolution started, and provided the rebel general with aeroplanes, arms and everything necessary. They got the whole thing going, and Italy was perfectly safe."

A more wicked perversion of the truth it would be hard to imagine, and it is the more inexcusable coming from a man who is credited with having peaceful ideas for the world, and who was announced at the meeting as "having an historical background which not everybody possessed." There is no more goodwill in such a statement than there is truth, and it is a terrifying thought that that is a sample of the history which is, presumably, considered good for Oxford.

**

The Unpatriotic L.C.C.

Very properly the Municipal Reform Party are taking strong objection to the decision of the L.C.C. to ban military training in the schools as

"contrary to the traditions of our country." The report of the Education Committee on the subject is as follows:—

"As regards the military training of boys and youths, we cannot be unmindful of the considerable body of public opinion which regards with disfavour the military training of young people at an age when they cannot be expected to be able to come to conclusions on such matters for themselves.

"While the Council does in various ways co-operate with the defence Departments of the Government and the armed forces of the Crown, we regard the military training of juveniles as an unwarrantable interference with the liberty of the young, which is contrary to the traditions of our country and to the temperament of the people."

It is to be hoped that L.C.C. electors will do their duty next spring and combine, as never before, to oust the Socialists from office with no uncertain voice. It is a degrading thing that the first city of the Empire should be in the hands of men so little aware of their duties and responsibilities.

The Patriot.

**

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

The War in Spain

During Christmas week the diplomatic forces have more concentratedly been using Spain as the focus of their activity. In particular the German part in the Spanish war has attracted increasing attention in France.

The French Government early in the week put pressure upon the British Government to stiffen it against German intervention. The London Committee, therefore, held its fourteenth plenary meeting on December 23. Its object, duly recorded, was to state the importance of making effective the proposed scheme of control. But, whereas the Burgos Government had transmitted its answer to London, the Valencia Government, which had widely published its answer, had refrained from sending it to the Committee. Both Governments denied the other's title to be considered as the Government of Spain. As in the thirteen previous meetings, the Committee was not able to say or do anything of practical interest.

**

Russia's Outburst

As before, the main interest of the proceedings was the Russian delegate's verbal attack on General Franco. He spoke of his "folly" and "insolence." He referred to him as "this pocket general." He thereby gave a living illustration of the now chronic absurdity of the Committee itself. Every succeeding meeting becomes a more embittered microcosm of the war. Verbal intervention grows as quickly in London as physical intervention grows in Spain.

The Observer.

NEW YEAR PROSPECT

By C.H.

ON January 1st, it is our common custom to take stock. What has the old year given us, or taken away from us? What will the new year bring us? Of what is it likely to deprive us?

Nations as well as individuals have this annual stock-taking, but less hopefully. The best laid plans of mice and men gang aft agley, but the best laid plans of nations hardly ever gang any other way. That is understandable when we realise that if they ganged according to plan it would almost invariably be at the expense of some other nation.

The important domestic event of the coming year will be the Coronation. We have recently changed one King for another. It is a family change and the nation's loyalty and affection, which has always been lavished on the whole Royal Family and not alone on this or that member of it, suffers no change of direction or intensity. That is important. It is that fact alone, and not the humbug he handed out to Parliament and the nation, that saved Baldwin's hide. The affair has left a nasty taste in the nation's mouth, not because King George VI will reign over us less royally, or be less beloved, than King Edward VIII, but because it is unpleasant to think that the former will reign over us by kind permission of the Prime Minister, the Archbishop of Canterbury and *The Times* newspaper who will apparently not hesitate to jockey him off the Throne if he shows signs of being other than their puppet.

WHAT THE PEOPLE WANT

There are those who would like to think that what was called the "constitutional crisis" is over and done with. In fact it has still to be thrashed out. **THE PEOPLE WANT GEORGE VI TO RULE OVER THEM, NOT THE "TRIUMVIRATE OF CANT," AND THEY BELIEVE THAT IF GEORGE VI DOES NOT PUT THAT MISCHIEVOUS PRELATE, COSMO GORDON LANG, AND THAT FOXY OLD POWER-GRABBER, STANLEY BUMBLER BALDWIN, IN THEIR PLACE, HE WILL BE LAYING UP TROUBLE FOR HIS SUCCESSORS.**

And now—since we are on the subject of the Archbishop—what about this New Year call to the people to start going to church again? To say that the show has had an inauspicious start is to put it mildly.

For who is going to wax enthusiastic over a Church whose "chief officer" or, as he preferred to call himself over the wireless, whose chief "representative of the Christian life of the nation," is a whited sepulchre, all honorary degrees without and uncharitableness within? How the Primate got his knife into the King's friends, whom he so roundly abused over the wireless that the Bishop of Durham was forced to exclaim "I do not like

it," is still a matter of guesswork. Some, with longer memories than others, declare that the Primate, himself as long-remembered as the proverbial elephant, had not forgiven Mr. Duff Cooper, the Minister of War, for talking about "prating prelates." **THE FACT REMAINS THAT ON THE EVE OF LAUNCHING A "COME BACK TO CHURCH" MOVEMENT THE ARCHBISHOP MADE A BROADCAST SPEECH WHOSE BAD TASTE AND ACIDLY SANCTIMONIOUS TONE WAS CONDEMNED BY THREE-QUARTERS OF THE NEWSPAPERS IN THE COUNTRY.**

WEIGHED AND FOUND WANTING

Now the plain truth about this "back to church" movement is that the Church of England has been weighed and found wanting, both as a means of promoting Christian morality and as a nexus, satisfying either to the soul or to the mind, between God and man, between this world and the next.

It would take many pages of the *Saturday Review* to consider all the reasons why this appeal must be vain. Some are common to all moral codes and all religions. Some are more political than ecclesiastical, in which connection it is well to remember that there has never been a Western religion that did not draw much of its impetus from politics. But if anybody doubts that the Church of England has made a sorry hash of its job let him read "The Wicked Foremen," by Maurice Colbourne, a book written just after the War, when the complete bankruptcy of the Established Church, its utter inability to reconcile war-shattered humanity to the Anglican God—that "gigantic clergyman in a white tie," as Matthew Arnold described it, was revealed to tens of thousands of young men who had been brought up to believe that there was something more to it than extreme gentility and a respectable tradition.

RE-ARMAMENT

But we are canvassing the prospects of the coming year and must turn elsewhere. **WHAT OF DEFENCE? KICKED, CUFFED AND CURSED INTO BELATED AND INADEQUATE ACTION, THE GOVERNMENT HAS SET THE BALL OF RE-ARMAMENT ROLLING. PROBABLY THE LOST LEeway CAN NEVER BE MADE UP.** Probably the encysted Departmental mind, of which Lord Swinton gave Lord Nuffield a taste, will prevent us from ever preparing, in time of peace, an effective war machine. The fact remains that the end of 1937 will find us better able to cope with all military emergencies than we are to-day.

But do we intend to make up for our perhaps temporary lack of defences by minding our own business? That brings us to Mr. Eden. Mr. Eden has been called some hard names, partly on

the general principle that it is good for bumptious young politicians to be told the truth about themselves, but far more because Mr. Eden really stands to-day as the archpriest of international humbug. The League of Nations has become the laughing stock of the nations. It is still Mr. Eden's pot-bellied idol.

Let me be quite clear. The idea of a League of Nations, at least as old as that decent sentimentalist, Alfred Tennyson, is as innocuous as the theory of perpetual motion—and as impossible. It is the League of Nations, the expensive institution whose Temple is Geneva and whose priests are a host of overpaid officials, self-advertising politicians and wangling elder statesmen, that was conceived in fraud, has lingered on in dangerous desuetude and will perish at any moment in well-merited dishonour. **THIS COMING YEAR MAY SEE A DETERMINED EFFORT LAUNCHED TO GALVANISE THE LEAGUE INTO A NEW SEMBLANCE OF USEFULNESS. LET US HOPE IT WILL NOT SUCCEED, SINCE IT CAN NEVER BE ANYTHING BUT AN IMPOSING FACADE BEHIND WHICH THE DIRTIER SORTS OF WORLD POLITICS ARE CONDUCTED UNOBSERVED.**

I said we may see an effort to revive the League. If we do not it will be because the nations, having, in a panic of realism, hastily lined up into two

opposing groups, a League of Red Nations and a League of Authoritarian nations, the row starts.

Why the line up? The answer is simple. It is human nature to take sides, and two sides is enough for any struggle, whether it be a Test match or an Armageddon. Some nations will pick their side from sentiment, some from self-interest, some in the vague hope that their participation will make the struggle less fierce, but with Germany and Russia at each end of the rope, what wonder that the rest are hurrying to one side or the other to help the tug of war.

When will they start to pull? Not in 1937 if they can help it. Not, perhaps for 20 years unless, as the saying is, the guns go off by themselves. But each is getting a firmer grip on the rope. Each is digging in its heels. Each, as it inspects the serried toughs at the opposite end of the rope, registers a deeper determination to give them what is coming to them. **CAN WE KEEP OUT OF THE SHIMMOZZLE, WITH GERMANY WANTING COLONIES AND JAPAN WANTING OUR EASTERN TRADE AND ALL SORTS OF ODDS AND ENDS OF NATIONS HUNGERING, OR AT ANY RATE NOT AT ALL RELUCTANT, TO DIRECT A SWIFT KICK AT ONCE MIGHTY AND STILL SANCTIMONIOUSLY SUPERIOR BRITAIN? WHAT A HOPE!**

The Archbishop of Cant

By KIM

THE Archbishop of Canterbury, who last Sunday broadcasted on the theme of "a re-call to religion," was possibly attempting to atone for his leading part in the wicked drama whereby in a few swift days our beloved King Edward VIII was swept off the Throne and driven into exile in a foreign land.

Since that tenebrous event, the Archbishop, as also his brother of York and most of the Bench of Bishops, have further distressed and angered the public by their malevolent and uncharitable allusions to the King to whom they had all rendered homage only a few months earlier. The scandal they have aroused among all sections of the public was not only because they paraded their consciences all of a sudden, consciences extremely elastic in regard to other matters, but especially by the jubilation with which they fell upon King Edward directly they got the chance, and like a pack of wolves, set their fangs in him to tear him to pieces.

Whether a "re-call to religion" can be effective or not is one question, but it is very certain that the present Primate of All England and his Bishops are not in the least likely to succeed in any such renaissance, desirable though it be. The

men for such kind of work need to be fervent Christians, imbued solely by the spirit of Christ, men possessed with the divine gift of charity. The man who calls himself St. Augustine's successor is more a courtier and a politician than a priest, and his public works have revealed him in no generous attitude. **THE PRELATE WHO WOULD USE THE ENTIRE ORGANISATION OF THE CHURCH TO FOOL AND DELUDE THE NATION INTO BELIEF OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS, THE COVENANT AS A REALITY, AND SUPPORT PACIFISM, HAS EXACTLY THAT TYPE OF MENTALITY WHICH WOULD DISAPPROVE OF EDWARD VIII, IN ANY AND EVERY CIRCUMSTANCE.**

What seems most probable is that the Church of England, by the act of its leaders, has brought very near the question of its disestablishment. The Church and State business is seen to be incongruous. An Archbishop of Canterbury who disapproves of his Monarch's proposed marriage with a lady who had divorced two husbands drives a wedge between the State and the Church. The State admits it, the Church as a whole does not. If the Church is to be dependent on the State, its

prelates recognised as peers of high rank, dwelling in palaces and enjoying no mean revenues, then it is its duty to conform to the laws of the State and not defy them. It would be better to let the Church of England stand on its merits.

ANOTHER AGE

But above all else, what has emerged from the beginning of the crisis which resulted in forcing Edward to abdicate is the abyss which exists between certain sections of thought to-day. As a whole, it is modernity versus Victorianism. Victorianism drove Edward off his Throne.

Let me be clear. **I AM NOT SNEERING AT VICTORIANISM AS A WHOLE. IT WAS AN ERA OF MUCH MORE SERIOUSNESS, OF STEADINESS, AND OF PATRIOTISM THAN IS THE CASE TO-DAY. THE VICTORIANS LOVED ENGLAND — OR BRITAIN—AND WERE PROUD ENOUGH OF THEIR EMPIRE TO FIGHT FOR IT AT ANY TIME.** Men who waved the Union Jack were not called "war-mongers," and the Pacifist, so sinister a feature in our life to-day, thanks to our Ministers and Bishops, did not exist, or only as a freak. Queen Victoria stood up to her Ministers. A resolute lady, she was no mere puppet on the Throne, but kept them in their place. Since then the politicians have snatched all the power they can from the Monarch.

On the other hand, in those days there was too much cant and hypocrisy. Smug pretentiousness and a false Puritanism flourished. Public morals were better on paper because the things "not nice" were hushed up. Anything sooner than a family scandal.

To-day we have become more frank. Other countries and their closer contacts have shown us the causes of hypocrisy. In the past people's natural feelings and desires were stunted and thwarted with the resultant misery to millions. Women were not allowed to live their lives as they are now. There is far more honesty in these days, with the result that cant and hypocrisy no longer finds the easy breeding grounds they once did. Men and women call a spade a spade. Thus the present generation loved—and love—Edward, who like themselves has always shown utter contempt for hypocrisy and cant and the offspring of these, snobbishness. Mr. Lloyd George's cable to him has found an echo in millions of hearts. They also hold him in as high esteem as ever. They regard him with deeper affection. **THEY DEPLORE THE MEAN AND UNCHIVALROUS ATTACKS ON A MONARCH WHO SYMPATHISED WITH THE LOWLIEST OF HIS SUBJECTS.**

Here is a clean cut line between the Edwardians of to-day and the Victorians of yesterday. The old gang composed of men and interests like Mr. Baldwin and the older crowd in Parliament, the Primates and Bishops, *The Times* and the *Daily Telegraph*, with their cluster of readers, are spiritually of the Barretts of Wimpole Street. They

want to be surrounded by smug pretentiousness. They want the fiction of the home circle with all its texts and public observances to be preserved outwardly, whatever it may be in secret. They only hate vice if it is revealed. They could swallow the idea of a King who might keep a handful of mistresses in the background so long as he married ostentatiously a princess whose very sight he might detest and paraded her as a symbol of domestic propriety.

UTTER FAILURE

They could not endure the thought that Edward VIII went about among the down and outs, chatted with them, ate and drank with them, and wore pull-overs. To the Victorian mind it is shocking. They hide away vice and poverty, cover it with a pall, and it is indecent that a King in a blare of publicity, living in a railway carriage instead of staying in a castle, should uncover their failure to rule for the benefit of the poor as well as the rich.

The Church—the Archbishops—have done as little for the derelict areas as they have to encourage a healthy and honest Christian outlook. Their utter failure stares us in the face. If the Archbishop really wishes, as he says, to refound our lives on the standards of human conduct which Jesus Christ has set, let him begin in the right way. Let him proceed to fight cant and hypocrisy and all the shams he has himself protected. Let him go forth and ask Edward VIII for forgiveness. That would show a spark of divinity. For King Edward has been crucified because he spurned hypocrisy and cant.

Shall We Forget Him?

A MAN, once KING, in deed and thought
Exemplar to the British race
Of dedicated, selfless service for the common good.
In War seeking to share the humblest soldier's
perils,
To fortify the faltering with his own matchless
courage,
Or with pitying, chivalrous kiss
Soothing the agony of horrifying wounds.
In Peace the staunch, unyielding champion of the
under-dog,
Of men who served and lost their living,
Of all whose one possession was
Their never-failing faith in him.
The MAN remains, no longer KING in name,
Yet kingly in his sacrifice of throne and place
and self
For honour and sweet love's sake and the
clarion call of duty.
Kingly, too, in courage, fearing not the blare
of slanderous tongues
Nor yet the blame of Priest or Prude or
Pedant.

Shall we forget him who ne'er forgot his duty?
Shall we forget him in his change of fortune?
KING, PRINCE or DUKE—He's still OUR
MAN.

C.R.

HAPPY NEW YEAR

By Hamadryad

Some are for seeing the Old Year out
Consuming oysters and drinking stout,
And some are for seeing the New Year in
Swallowing cocktails made of gin,
And some, who aren't so strong in the head,
Brew them a nightcap and so to bed,
And the dawn of the New Year's earliest peep
Discovers them buried in balmy sleep.
And I am one of that sober kind,
For the longer I live the more I find
That, no matter how Time chalks up the score,
All that can happen has happened before.
Will they boost the income tax higher yet?
Of course they will. It's the one safe bet,
Unpleasant perhaps, but by no means new,
When you're ruled by the Socialist-Tory crew.
Is war impending in '37?
Why, that's just what happened in 1911,
When everyone knew what the Kaiser meant
Except—need I say it—the Government.
Are the prospects of industry roseate?
Why, that's how they figured in '28.
Is the Government lazy and disinclined
To do anything much till it's kicked behind?
Why that, my children, but represents
The normal condition of governments.
Has it risked our safety ten times over
That Stan and his pals may live in clover?
Does it bluster and scuttle and quake and grovel?
Well, that's just too bad—but it isn't novel.
But one thing's positive, one thing's sure
As the stars in their courses that still endure,
That whether the New Year brings no change,
Or registers happenings rare and strange,
Whether it fizzles or goes with a bang,
We'll still be ruled by the same old gang,
For it seems to be one of our old traditions,
That there's no getting rid of dud politicians.
Whether we flourish or come a tumbler,
We'll still be governed by Baldwins, Bumbler;
Though Britain is sunk and the Empire cracks,
We'll never be free of Ramsay Macs,
Swintons, Elliots, Free Trade Runcies,
Beacon Belishas and suchlike dunces,
And who can doubt that the less we want any,
The more we'll be having of Edens, Anthony.
But be of good cheer, friends, be of good cheer.
Things might be worse in the glad New Year.
We might be having to carry on
With Attlee, Greenwood and Morrison,
Or getting all kinds of assorted pips
From that half-baked Bolshevik, Stafford Cripps.
We *might*—but we won't, which is just as well,
Be hearing from Herbert Samuel.
So let's be busy, and let's all hope
That the Government's done with defeatist dope,
And let us rejoice that, if things go wrong,
And the Government has to be prodded along,
Or Sticktight Stanley begins to snore,
There's Lady Houston to give 'em what for.

Enemies of Edward VIII

By Meriel Buchanan

IF our thoughts have often strayed far from England during the recent Christmas festivities, how much more they must now turn to the Royal Exile who faces the beginning of this New Year with feelings which must inevitably be full of doubts and uncertainties and regrets.

Within an incredibly short space of time his whole life, his whole outlook have been changed. He has been torn away from all his old familiar surroundings, the people with whom he has grown up since early childhood are there no longer, strange faces surround him, a strange language is in his ears, the work for which he was trained, the work he did so splendidly has been taken from him. He is now a man without a job, he has to find new interests, new values, new recreations, new friends; he has to face a life which must be entirely reorganised and readjusted, shaped on new and unaccustomed lines.

It must be hard enough to find himself cut off from his old home, from his familiar surroundings, from his relations and friends, but hardest of all must be the loss of his work, the knowledge of those empty days in front of him, the memories of all he had done for the Empire, of all the services he had rendered his country, of the self-sacrifice and strain and weariness which those services so often entailed.

OUR AMBASSADOR

Our beloved Edward VIII endeared himself to all those who came in contact with him; he had that inestimable quality of making friends; **HE WAS THE BEST AMBASSADOR THAT WE HAVE EVER HAD AND THE AFFECTION IN WHICH HE WAS HELD BY THE DOMINIONS SPEAKS FOR ITSELF.**

Have those who now so glibly criticise him, those who avidly read the hideous gossip and scandal of the American "Yellow Press" forgotten the young heir to the Throne, the young Prince who went to France and faced death and all the horrors and discomforts of war? Do they ever think of the boy who had to forsake all his friends and recreations to go out to the furthest corners of the Empire to fulfil arduous and wearisome obligations in the pursuance of his Royal Duty, to smile and be always courteous and agreeable when perhaps he was inexpressibly fatigued, and longing for companions of his own age? Have they forgotten his unfailing readiness to serve, his unfailing sympathy with those in distress, the smile which must so often have concealed an unutterable weariness?

In the whole history of England there can never have been a more popular Prince of Wales, and there can never have been a Prince of Wales who deserved popularity to the same degree as Edward VIII. During the tragically short time that he reigned over us he showed those qualities of Kingship that would have raised him to a pinnacle of success as King and Emperor.

The leaders of our Church, who are now so ready to condemn and criticise where before they were all servility, admiration and respect, seem to have forgotten the first tenets of the Christianity they preach (but apparently they do not practise) and appear to be following not in the footsteps of our Lord, but in the footsteps of that arch-criminal Stalin and his anti-Christian confederates, who preach destruction and hatred and class enmity. **SHOULD NOT THE CHURCH BE CONSTRUCTIVE IN ITS TEACHING, SHOULD IT NOT BE CHARITABLE, SHOULD IT NOT HOLD OUT THE HAND OF COMFORT TO A HEART THAT IS FULL OF GRIEF?**

If the Prelates who are so ready to condemn will give their country the same self-sacrificing service as Edward VIII, then they will justify their office, but no man more richly deserved the words on the Crest of the Prince of Wales, "Ich dien" (I serve), than our former King.

HIS MEMORY WILL LIVE

He has one consolation, he can look back upon the time when he was Prince of Wales and afterwards King and Emperor and say to himself "I did my job faithfully and honourably," and that is an epitaph that any one could be proud of.

Although he has gone from us, his memory will live for all time, and what a memory; **A MEMORY THAT WE WILL CHERISH AND HAND DOWN TO THOSE WHO COME AFTER US, A MEMORY THAT IS ASSOCIATED WITH KINDNESS, UNDERSTANDING, SELF-SACRIFICE AND LOYALTY.**

There can be no more despicable and cowardly thing than to hit a man when he is down, and it is to be hoped that the consciences of some of our Prelates will be self-accusing and uncomfortable for the rest of their lives. It is too much to hope that these offending Archbishops and Bishops will realise their unchristian attitude and retire into seclusion and inflict upon themselves a penance that will be a lesson and a deterrent to those who may follow them in office.

If they were so concerned about King Edward, why did they not lend him a helping hand instead of letting him destroy the usefulness that we are entitled to expect from our Ruler? They just remained silent, they wanted to see which way the wind would blow, and when they felt safe from correction, or perhaps dismissal, they allowed themselves the sadistic pleasure of attacking and condemning the head of the Royal House of England. What an achievement! What a satisfaction!

You Prelates, do not abuse and take advantage of your office and High Calling, but follow the teachings of Christ.

EDWARD VIII AS AN AIRMAN

By Our Aviation Correspondent

IT may be politically expedient that popular loyalties should be pliable; it may swell the pride of Cabinet Ministers that, at their bidding, the "fond many" should seem to transfer their allegiance from one King to another with no more ado than changing their socks. But those who live in the world of aviation will show—with the gracious permission of Mr. Baldwin, the Bishops and Archbishops, the busybodies and arch-busybodies—a rather firmer constancy and will have their moment of open remorse at the abdication of King Edward VIII.

For as Mr. C. G. Grey has pointed out in *The Aeroplane*, a paper which gives its news and views without fear or favour, those in aviation will remember always his great services to flying. He was the first British Monarch to fly; the first British Monarch to use the aeroplane as a normal means of transport; the first British Monarch to know and to understand aviation; the first British Monarch to express in his personality the aims and idiosyncrasies of those who fly and to offer a living stimulus to aeronautical progress. **HE WAS BORN TO BE THE LEADER OF A GREAT AIR POWER.**

A MAN OF TO-DAY

He saw the world with the eye of to-day and would have been a guard against those old-fashioned, muddled, knavish ideas which occasionally sprout on English soil and which, if they are not held in check, must lead us to our downfall. Yet he was removed from the throne almost in a night with no more notice and no more show of outward grief than would accompany the dismissal of a Cabinet Minister.

Public opinion—as the cartoonist Low saw and said—was not permitted to express itself. We heard only one side, the Government's, and it was plugged from press, pulpit and the B.B.C. Mr. Baldwin delivered his famous pæan of self-praise in the House of Commons and told us how well he had managed the King from his throne and the papers took it unto us for righteousness that we had unceremoniously kicked out a friend and tried servant because he had fallen in love.

The whole process was revolting. The way in which *The Times*, the *Telegraph* and the *Morning Post* shut down on all opinions other than those expressed by the Government was really remarkable. The words "dignity" and "duty" were much in the foreground and were as usual made a smoke screen for cant and cruelty. **THE VERY JOURNAL WHICH PRETENDS TO HIGH RESPONSIBILITY, SLYLY SHOT OUT FROM ITS COLUMNS MALICIOUS**

SCHOOLBOY KICKS AT THE DEPARTING KING. CABINET MINISTERS AND DIGNITARIES OF THE CHURCH VIED WITH ONE ANOTHER IN CASTING THE FIRST STONE—AND THEN IN KEEPING UP A POSITIVE FUSILADE.

On aviation, King Edward's departure cannot but have a bad effect. On the first day of his reign he flew from Sandringham to London and he was recognised by everyone in the world of aviation as a stimulus to progress and a discerning critic. He owned more private aeroplanes than any other Englishman. First as Prince of Wales, he used Royal Air Force machines for travelling and he continued to do so until the summer of 1929 when he acquired his first Gipsy Moth light aeroplane. In 1930 he bought a Puss Moth and then a second one. Other machines he owned were a Fox Moth, a Dragon and a Vickers Vialra. At the time of the abdication he owned two Dragon Rapide biplanes.

JUST AND FEARLESS

He was no fair-weather flyer; but he insisted on using air transport on all occasions when there was a possibility of getting through. He created the picturesque title, Captain of the King's Flight, which he bestowed on Wing Commander E. H. Fielden. **IN BRIEF HE WAS THE ONE MAN IN THE WORLD TO FORCE BRITISH AVIATION TO THE FRONT AND TO KEEP IT THERE. HIS AERONAUTICAL CRITICISMS WERE NOTED FOR THEIR JUSTNESS AND THEIR FEARLESSNESS. HE KNEW OUR WEAKNESSES AND HE SAW HOW THEY MIGHT BE CURED.**

No matter what length the Government may go to suppress public opinion about King Edward and the way in which he was hustled from the throne, it will not in the long run be able to suppress the views of those in aviation. They at least reject the weathercock loyalties so highly commended by *The Times* newspaper. **THEY KNOW THEY HAVE LOST ONE OF GREATER VALUE TO THE FUTURE OF EMPIRE AVIATION, BOTH SERVICE AND CIVIL, THAN THE WHOLE OF THE PRESENT GOVERNMENT PUT TOGETHER.**

Aviation now has no leader—no man upon whom aeronautical enthusiasm and loyalty can focus. Yet at the present time the need for such a man is greater than it has ever been in the history of the country. Those who fly will not readily forgive Mr. Baldwin and the Archbishops.

Spanish Crusade

The Truth

By Captain F. H. Mellor

THE sanguinary struggle in Spain has reached a stage when it is of great interest to examine the conditions prevailing in the towns and the countryside. Much has been written concerning the actual military operations, but we hear comparatively little of the conditions behind the lines of the two opposing forces. It is, none the less, a question of first-class importance, for a little study of the social and administrative methods will show us, on the one hand, what advantages General Franco can offer to Spain, and, on the other, what the Red International can give.

Conditions in the area controlled by General Franco have aroused a feeling of admiration in the minds of all impartial observers, while at the same time they have intensely irritated the left wing sympathisers. Indeed, it is not difficult to understand the feeling of these "red" apologists, for ever since the war started they have declared the patriotic movement unsupported by the people and prophesied a succession of risings behind the Junta lines. But these prophets, whose inspiration is no doubt provided by the gold and the ethics of Moscow, to-day stand confounded, for not only have the patriots been welcomed with open arms by the great majority of the population, but also, time has only served to increase the enthusiasm. Thus in those few towns captured comparatively unharmed from the Reds owing to the speed of the advance, the rejoicing has been such that as the troops of General Franco entered the streets, "the air broke into a mist with bells."

DISCIPLES OF THE DEVIL

It is easy to understand why. When I was in Andalusia, before the Junta took action, churches were going up in smoke and flame all over that lovely but unhappy province. A small minority,

filled with red hate for the things of God, and protected by a Red Government, made these impious offerings to the devil, while all men of goodwill and Christian principles trembled for the safety of their families and homes.

WHERE LIFE IS NORMAL

But what a contrast there is to-day. Peace, order, confidence and even, surprising though it may appear in such troubled times, a certain measure of prosperity has returned in those areas occupied by General Franco's men. Shops are



At Vich, near Barcelona, the Reds raided the Bishop's Palace and heaped priceless treasures in the market square.

open everywhere and do a thriving trade; there is no lack of food and drink; prices have scarcely altered; work proceeds as usual; life is normal in such great towns as Seville and Burgos and the churches are crowded with men, women and children who are able once more to perform their Christian duties without any danger to themselves.

Nor is amusement lacking. The cinemas, the dance halls, the cafés are open and the people laugh and talk in happy fashion, for a great fear and horror, that hung over the country like a pall, has been lifted, so they hope, for ever.

It is perfectly easy to motor from Seville to Northern Castile, and the traveller is as secure as

in any Devonshire lane. Life and property are safe, and Andalusia, Galicia and Castile are policed by the Guardia Civil, assisted by volunteer patriots so that the orderly and peace loving country folk can till their fields in safety. Only the other day I received a letter from Andalusia: "NEVER," WROTE MY FRIEND, "HAVE WE BEEN SO CONTENTED AND WELL GOVERNED SINCE THE DAYS OF PRIMO DE RIVERA, AND THOUGH MANY OF US MOURN FOR FRIENDS AND RELATIONS, AT LEAST WE KNOW THEY DIED FOR SPAIN."

This is a picture of General Franco's Spain, a land where, as of old, the church bells ring and happy children play in the streets; where justice and order reign and the people in innocent pleasures find the simple secrets of happiness.

We must now turn our attention to a Spain modelled on the Russian Bolshevik plan.

IN RED SPAIN

There is not a Catholic church open in all Government Spain, and in Barcelona only the Cathedral remains unharmed. Even in quiet country villages the priests and the landowners have been murdered and the churches sacked by a rabble from Barcelona and Valencia headed by Russian Bolsheviks. The life of any Catholic man or woman is in danger and almost all of those who love their country, and have served her, languish in prison, or lie in some unknown grave. There is an end to personal property and personal freedom; red hate has created a red hell.

As might have been expected, there is much poverty and distress; food and other necessities are expensive and difficult to obtain; everywhere there is dirt, squalor and misery, and cleanliness, presumably on the principle that it is next to godliness, has been banished from the lives of these dupes of Moscow. Just as these people have shed their religion, so have they turned their back on morals and decency, and orgies of lust, so disgusting that

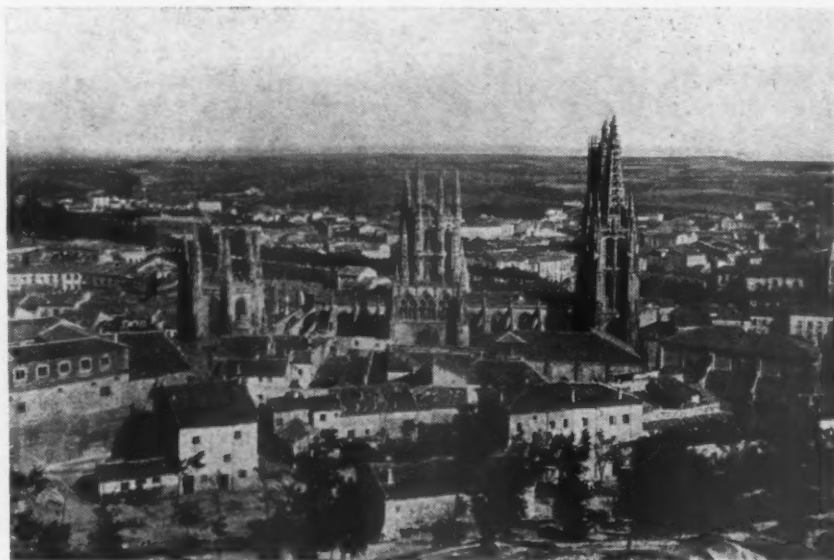
they cannot be described, take place everywhere. It is part of the Bolshevik plan to destroy religion, morals, cleanliness and self-respect so that men and women, reduced to the level of animals, will readily accept the dominion of anti-Christ.

ATROCITIES AND ACTS OF SACRILEGE STILL CONTINUE. RECENTLY THE "RED" MILITIA EXECUTED ONE HUNDRED PERSONS BEFORE EVACUATING VALENZUELA AND, MAKING A BONFIRE OF LOOTED CHURCH PROPERTY, THREW THE PRIEST AND THE MAYOR INTO THE FLAMES.

TOMBS DESECRATED

The Members of Parliament visiting the Junta lines state that the church at Navalcarnero has been sacked and "even tombs have been desecrated and the sanctity of the graves

PEOPLE ARE HAPPY UNDER FRANCO'S RULE



A special study of Burgos, now the headquarters of the Spanish Patriots, taken before the Civil War broke out.

profaned." A newspaper correspondent, when reporting this, adds: "The desecration of churches is indeed one of the chief features of red destruction. All over those parts of Nationalist Spain which have been captured from the enemy, your correspondent has seen ruined churches and crosses torn down."

The issues at stake stand clear for all men to judge. Is Spain to enjoy peace under the Cross; or to endure a protracted death under the hammer and sickle?

For the sake of the future of Europe and, in fact, the whole world, there must be only one answer to this question.

This Dangerous World

By Robert Machray

AT the opening of another year it is natural, or at any rate usual, to look forward hopefully to the future and to strike an optimistic note. Certainly much in the financial and economic position of England, as indicating general prosperity despite some dark spots, should help us to take a cheerful view of the domestic situation, and prognosticate a Happy New Year. But England means so very much more than these islands under her eponymous leadership; the name stands for the greatest Empire the world has ever known, with all its far-flung responsibilities, particularly as regards foreign affairs. In that domain it is not easy to be optimistic.

Nobody will attempt to deny that 1936 has been what is called in high politics a difficult year; more than once it trembled on the verge of catastrophe, but at least the much-feared cataclysm of another and vaster Great War did not take place—there is that to be said for the year that is past. And there is another thing to be said for it, for it saw the definite and assured end of the world economic depression which began as far back as 1929, and had an enormous political influence as well. Seven years ago the whole economic apparatus of the world was thrown completely out of joint by the heavy fall in the prices of wheat, rye, maize and other cereals, owing to superabundant crops for several seasons.

All agricultural countries suffered terribly. In Europe the predominantly agrarian States—Poland, Rumania and Yugoslavia—were impoverished. In these lands there is a saying that when the peasants have money everybody has money—the reverse is also true. Of course the depression in agriculture had immediate repercussions on industry, trade and commerce. To-day, however, wheat and other grains have returned to or surpass their old price-levels, with the inevitable result of a tremendous improvement in all the regions which were so disastrously affected by the sharp and long-continued fall in prices.

Politics Rule

So far as pure economics are concerned, the world appears to be on the up-grade. But the trouble is that politics are in conflict with economics; which is the stronger or will be the more potent in the end is a matter of dispute at present. Unquestionably politics were in the ascendant during 1936, a year which simply teemed with political events in Europe that cannot but have the most important bearing on the international situation in 1937. The year 1936 was bound back into the year 1935, and 1937 is bound back into 1936—this is the eternal process, the "form and pressure," of all history. It may be well to rehearse the most significant of the events in 1936, for they carry themselves into 1937.

First came the re-occupation and re-militarisation of the Rhineland by Germany and, later, the ending of the international control of her waterways, both moves in defiance of the Versailles Treaty. Add the Nazification of Danzig, and with the exception of its territorial clauses the Treaty of Versailles is dead. Hitler has made great gains for his Third Reich. And why? There is but one answer; because he has re-armed Germany and given her the requisite military power. He believes in power politics, and goes on practising them with substantial success.

Italy's Coup

Second came the conquest and annexation of Abyssinia by Italy in defiance of the League of Nations and its Sanctions, and notwithstanding the fact that our wretched Government led the Geneva Institution in its action against Mussolini. The victory of Italy was another exemplification of power politics, and the Sanctions had to be dropped. Italy was antagonised, and only as the year was closing did our Government, faced by realities, take a course tending to renew our old friendship with that country.

Third came the Civil War in Spain, which, as it went on, was transformed into an International War, with Red Russia on one side and Germany and Italy on the other, with France becoming more and more anxious as the ineffectiveness of the Non-Intervention Agreement was only too evident. The latest developments in this bitter and sanguinary struggle are of a grave character, and cannot be said to suggest much hope of an early termination of the fighting, but quite the opposite. Here, then, is another illustration of power politics and nothing else. **THE "ORGANISATION OF PEACE" BY AND THROUGH THE LEAGUE IS DEAD; LOCARNO IS DEAD; THE PROSPECT OF A NEW LOCARNO IS INFINITELY REMOTE. LET US HAVE DONE WITH ILLUSIONS!**

Whether we like it or not, and whatever our Government may say about it, the overriding feature of Europe at the start of 1937 is the division of her States into alliances on the part of the Great Powers, around whom the lesser Powers group or try to group themselves in accordance with what they conceive to be their "best bet," that is, their own individual security, collective security so loudly proclaimed as the panacea in past years, having only too surely shown itself to be the sham it always in reality was. Anyhow, the destruction of illusions is a good thing and the truth can no longer be hid. We live in an increasingly dangerous world, and we have to make our account with it as best we may.

As best we may? That for England is the vital question in the continuing international crisis.

Eve in Paris

FRENCH children now celebrate Noël as elaborately as the English, expecting also gifts and festivities at the New Year, an onerous time for parents and relatives.

The President of the Republic, and Madame Lebrun, smiling and gracious, seemed to enjoy the Christmas tree for school children at the Elysée as much as the youngest of their guests, among whom were their own grandchildren. Amusing was the prank played by the famous journalist Serge, who, arriving at the Palais uninvited, was asked for his credentials, and replies "I am the lion in Guignol." He rushed into the hall where the marionette show was proceeding and when the beautiful heroine was attacked by the wild beast, Serge roared long and realistically, the children shrieking with delight, the President laughing heartily, and suggesting a bottle of champagne to the journalist as guard against probable hoarseness.

There are two juvenile theatres for the *petit monde*, where children act for child audiences. At the Madeleine is little Mireille Bizot, who promises to become a second Shirley Temple; at the Salle d'Iena the exploits of Bécassine continue to entrance. Besides these, the Châtelet is staging a wonderful fairy piece, and "The Son of Puss in Boots" is eagerly anticipated by the youngsters who love his feline father.

* * * *

THE wanderer in Paris, seeking local colour, will be rewarded by a visit to the Porte de Marseilles, where an exhibition of paintings is being held, not to be confused with the Foire aux Croûtes, or Daub-Fair, which takes place in the streets at certain times.

Business has been bad of late among painters; money is scarce, and modern decoration schemes admit of few pictures. Canvases galore are sent to the shows, but remain unsold. Hence this idea of "troc" exchange of goods between painters and public, infra-dig, but affording practical aid to the artists, some of whom offer very creditable work.

Among the visitors are important picture dealers, scrutinising with knowledgeable eyes the exhibits, hoping to discover some needy young genius whose signature, in years to come, will command fabulous prices, and who, shivering in an attic-studio, might be tempted to barter an aquarelle for a fur coat. An elderly woman, two fat poodles in her arms, clamours for an "animalier" competent to reproduce their beauty; keeping a fish-shop, she offers to supply the portraitist with oysters and eels during the season; a dignified gentleman requires a picture in the Louvre copied. It represents, he says, an ancestor, and will look imposing in his consulting room; he is a physician and surgeon, and would advise, or operate gratis; a copyist who fears appendicitis jumps at the chance.

TWO English plays are now attracting the public in Paris. The Ambassadeurs reopened with "Le Pélican," by Somerset Maugham, translated and adapted by Francis de Croisset, a work condemned by the critics, who do not appreciate a conception of dramatic art defying all French conventions and rules of composition. They consider the characters exaggerated, and declare the comedy verges on farce.

A gala-night of the play in aid of the *amis de l'enfance* drew crowds. The first act, wherein a boy of eighteen suggests that persons over forty should be suppressed, aroused indignant comments from an audience chiefly composed of those who have reached the fiftieth and further milestones; the second act, showing tables turned on the rising generation, was applauded.

The French title, "Le Pélican," was thought inappropriate; a father who deserts his family, however trying and ungrateful, cannot be compared to the symbol of paternal sacrifice, resembled truly by Balzac's immortal Père Goriot, who loved his unnatural daughters to the end.

A play more pleasing to Parisians is "Eblouissement," the work of Keith Winter, adapted by Madame Céline, who cleverly preserved the English atmosphere of "Shining Hour." Here, too, some scenes between parents and children shock the public, the truth being that except for ultra-modern youth, imbued with foreign ideas, the French cling to ancient traditions, which inculcate filial affection, and deference to elders.

* * * *

OF late, snow comes no longer to Paris for Christmas, Parisians therefore go to the snow, in the majesty of the mountains. Winter sports have become a craze with youth, and a record number of "snow trains" left the capital this year.

In spite of this exodus, the Christmas Eve celebrations of 1936 were brilliant beyond the fondest hopes of organisers. Theatres, cinemas, restaurants, and cabarets turning away custom, while champagne even at 200 francs a bottle flowed like water. People put aside anxieties, fatalistic, perhaps as the King who once declared "Après moi le déluge." Crowds of foreigners enjoyed the festivities (fashionable hotels report a third more guests than last year) and a return of prosperity may come, unless the tourists are frightened away by riots as in 1934, or recurrent strikes closing hotels and restaurants.

Meanwhile the Northern iron-workers' strike continues. A Bill passed by the Chamber concerning compulsory arbitration is unacceptable to the Senate, as it means further power for syndicalism.

Defending a principle, the liberty of employers and the liberty of workers, the Senate has refused to be coerced by M. Blum, so far; but the issue of the conflict is grave.

Cruisers—The Truth

By Periscope

"THE re-armament programme is going according to plan." That is the phrase reiterated at frequent intervals by the ministers of the so-called National Government. It is obviously designed to lull the uninitiated into a false sense of security. It may succeed with some people. But the British nation as a whole has not yet forgotten the phraseology of 1914-18. In those years, to say that a matter was going "according to plan" meant that almost every conceivable thing had gone wrong, but that nobody dared admit it and face the music.

Just before Parliament rose, Sir Samuel Hoare, First Lord of the Admiralty, solicited a Christmas Card of congratulations from the House of Commons—and he got them. The event was his announcement that, after going on bended knees to America and Japan, the Government of what used to be the most powerful maritime Power in the world was being allowed to keep five old cruisers which would otherwise have had to be scrapped.

Sir Samuel Hoare got his congratulations, and bowed as only an accomplished figure skater can. But there remain all manner of misgivings in the mind of Parliament and the great body of the country. Perhaps it was for this reason that Sir Samuel Hoare's announcement came too late for Members to crystallise their suspicions and censure.

A VITAL QUESTION

To anybody who has the security and welfare of the British Empire at heart, this cruiser question should be examined in the cold light of facts. Such an examination has been actively encouraged by the Government in the past. Has not the Admiralty indicated on more than one occasion that the cruiser is the most important type of warship for the defence of the Empire and its widely spread yet utterly vital trade routes?

THE CRUISER SITUATION TO-DAY IS PERHAPS THE MOST ELOQUENT ACCUSATION WHICH COULD EVER BE LEVELLED AT THE BRITISH "NATIONAL" GOVERNMENT. This Government has for more than two years been prating of the need for re-armament—and in every case stress has been laid upon the vulnerability of the Empire Trade Routes which are the peculiar responsibility of the cruiser.

Not only have Government White Papers stressed this fact, but at the futile London Naval Conference some nine months ago the Admiralty took the stand that the security of the Empire and its trade routes could not be assured without a minimum of 70 cruisers. This was an abrupt reversal of the "gesture" insisted upon by Mr.

Ramsay MacDonald in order to achieve agreement upon naval limitation in 1930, when he discarded the advice of his experts and produced the treacherous figure of 50 cruisers out of a hat which was universally suspect.

But still the British Government did not stand by the Admiralty. Downing-street realised that it could not avoid the figure of 70 cruisers without grave risk of resignations on the part of the Board of Admiralty and serious outcry in the country. So they let the figure stand. But they produced qualifications which have been almost ignored in the joy at the return to the figure of 70—the figure stated by Lord Jellicoe (who knew more about our cruiser requirements than all the ministers of all the Governments of the century) to be the "irreducible minimum" for the security of the Empire and its vital trade.

TEN OBSOLETE SHIPS

When Lord Jellicoe quoted this figure he meant cruisers capable of successful action against the cruisers of any and every potentially hostile state. Yet, hard upon the return to the figure of 70 cruisers, the British Government, who were even then producing papers stressing the vital need for stronger naval defences, added the rider that ten of these ships might be "over-age." The term "over-age" means that the ships will be at least 16 years of age. In these days, weapons advance so swiftly that such ships must inevitably be obsolete and incapable of meeting a modern cruiser upon the high seas except at a grave and perilous disadvantage.

It would be difficult to find in the history of the world a more weak-kneed declaration than this qualification of the number of 70 cruisers. Either the defence of the British Empire requires 70 cruisers—the "irreducible minimum" demanded by Lord Jellicoe and Lord Beatty and others who have some idea of the cruiser requirements of the fleet and the trade routes in time of war—or else it only needed 60 cruisers. There can be no compromise in reason. **LEAST OF ALL CAN THERE BE A COMPROMISE WHICH, BY ITS VERY NATURE, WOULD IN WAR CONDEMN AT LEAST 5,000 OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE ROYAL NAVY TO GO TO SEA IN SHIPS QUITE INCAPABLE OF MEETING THE ENEMY ON ANYTHING APPROACHING EQUAL TERMS.**

More than two decades ago a weak and isolated cruiser squadron was sent to certain death at Coronel. It was only the driving force of "Jackie" Fisher, with his wholesome contempt for politicians and arm chair strategists which retrieved one of

the greatest disasters of the Great War. Yet here is the Government, while prating of re-armament, setting out with self-satisfied smugness for a repetition of the disaster. There is this difference. To-day we have got neither the "Jackie" Fisher nor the spare battlecruisers to turn disaster to account.

That in itself is bad enough. Yet the true position with regard to cruisers is very much worse. Have we 60 modern cruisers and ten old ships to make up the 70 upon which, in the words of the Government, the safety and security of the Empire depends? The answer is **NO**.

The true position at the moment is that the whole British Empire can muster 53 cruisers. And that is not the whole answer. While the Government are soliciting testimonials by saving five old wartime built cruisers from the scrap heap, they are not getting on fast enough with the building of new ships and are even spending large sums of money upon "demilitarising" a useful ship.

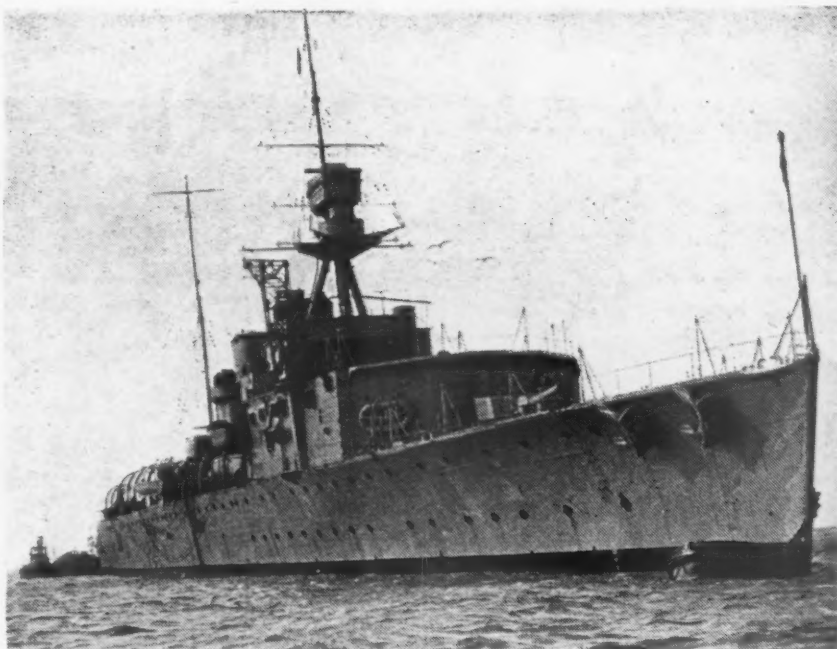
H.M.S. *Vindictive*, a powerful cruiser, is in process of "demilitarisation" in obedience to the moribund Treaty of MacDonald—a Treaty to which the Government themselves have given the death blow by achieving (with the agreement of the other signatory Powers) a "stretching" of the provisions for "escape." And the cost of the demilitarisation of the *Vindictive* is to be at least £272,820—at a time when we are told that the whole resources of the nation are concentrated upon "making good the gaps in our defences."

WARSHIP WITHOUT GUNS

One thing leads to another. This little matter of demilitarising the *Vindictive* cannot be completed before the middle of January, when another cruise for the training of naval cadets is due to begin. The present cadet training ship is the *Frobisher*. But this ship, under the terms of the same instrument of British naval disarmament, must have her powerful 7.5 inch guns removed by December 31st, 1936. Eventually she is to be fitted with 6 inch guns, but these are not ready, and the *Vindictive* will not be ready to take her place.

And so more than 100 British Naval Cadets are to set sail in a fortnight's time in the *Frobisher* after her 7.5 guns have been removed but before any others have been fitted in their place. **THIS**

A SACRIFICE TO RAMSAY MACDONALD



H.M.S. "Vindictive" is being "demilitarised" at a cost of £272,820—at a time when we are told that the whole resources of the nation are concentrated on "making good the gaps in our defences."

WILL BE THE FIRST TIME IN HISTORY THAT A BRITISH WARSHIP HAS SAILED THE SEAS WITHOUT WEAPONS... AND WHAT AN INTRODUCTION TO THE NAVY FOR THE 100 YOUNG OFFICERS!

As if to add insult to injury, it is proposed that the de-gunned *Frobisher* shall combine the training of cadets with the "showing of the flag." **THUS THE FLAG DISHONoured BY POLITICIANS IS TO BE "SHOWN" IN FOREIGN PORTS AS A SYMBOL OF THE DESTRUCTIVE WORK OF THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT — BY A CRUISER WITHOUT A GUN.**

The position to-day is of extreme gravity. On paper we possess 52 cruisers worthy of the name of warship. But only 35 of these are modern ships, comparable to the cruisers of other naval Powers. This happens to be exactly half the number of cruisers admitted to be the minimum for the security of the British Empire and its vital communications. . . . And yet building continues to be far too slow for this deficiency to be made up for several years.

Surely it is time the so-called National Government was made to realise that patriotic citizens of the British Empire are tired of high-flown but meaningless promises? And is it not time that the Empire demanded to know at whose behest these suicidal delays are incurred?

"SHABBY" IS TO

MR. LLOYD GEORGE, by his message to King Edward VIII, has uttered publicly what many have said in private ever since the week that Mr. Baldwin and his junta of Ministers smuggled the greatest living Englishman off the throne.

After twenty-five years of devoted and unrelenting service to the Empire, after a lifetime of friendship for all classes of the community, King Edward VIII was given in the first trial of other people's friendship, treatment that was shabby—and worse than shabby.

Mr. Baldwin has received many plaudits for the way in which he handled "the crisis," although he himself denied that there was any crisis. But how did he handle it?

AT NO STAGE OF THE INTERCOURSE BETWEEN KING AND PREMIER WAS THE KING EVER ABSOLVED FROM THE CONSTITUTIONAL FICTION THAT A MONARCH MAY NOT SPEAK EXCEPT THROUGH HIS MINISTERS.

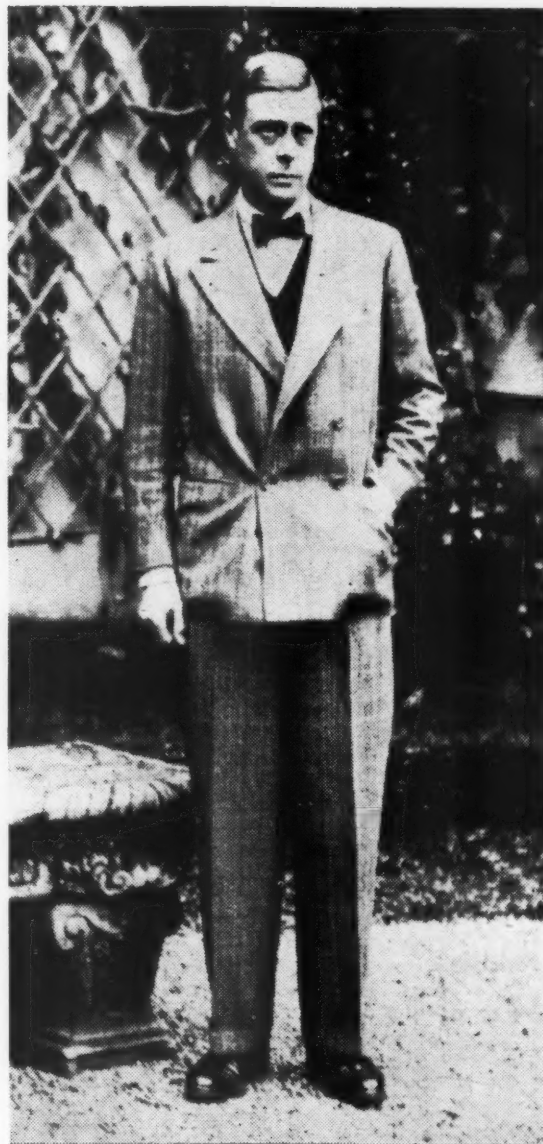
Not only were Baldwin's own lips characteristically sealed until the King was off the Throne, but the King's lips were sealed.

BALDWIN'S FIAT

When the King sought, with rigid "Constitutionalism," to find a means of marrying the woman of his choice without affronting the Baldwins and the Attlees and the other "unco' guides" of politics, he was given no help. He was bluntly told that the Commons and the Dominion Parliaments would not assent. **BUT THE PARLIAMENTS WERE NEVER ASKED.** Nobody was consulted at all. Mr. Baldwin uttered his fiat—and took advantage of the fact that the young King had been rigorously trained by his father into a deference to Prime Ministers which many of us think wholly wrong and dangerous.

Time was when the King sat at the head of his own Ministers. The habit only ceased when a Cabinet junta succeeded in imposing on Britain a German-speaking King who could not understand what his Ministers were talking about.

CONSTITUTIONALLY THERE IS NO REASON WHY KING EDWARD SHOULD NOT HAVE SAT IN CABINET WITH HIS MINISTERS AND THRESHED OUT WITH



King Edward VIII photographed outside the Castle Enzesfeld.

THEM THE WHOLE QUESTION OF MARRIAGE AND ABDICATION.

But Mr. Baldwin was careful to maintain the modern fiction that the King must have no mind of his own and must play no part beyond that of a rubber-stamp at the foot of his Ministers' pronouncements.

He told the King that a morganatic marriage was not possible and he must have inferred that abdication was the only alternative. When the

KIND A WORD

By . . .

"HISTORICUS"

King said to him that if he could not marry Mrs. Simpson he was prepared to go, the Premier merely—by his own confession—muttered or mumbled some politeness about the gravity of the news, and left it at that.

As far as we know, he did not say, "Well, sir, don't let any of us be too hasty. The woman of your choice is not free. The question of abdication cannot arise for five months to come. Meanwhile, as she is seeking a decree absolute, you will perhaps agree not to see her for that period, during which we will explore the possibilities of a way out that will save us from the loss of a King whom we all revere as a hard working, self-sacrificing servant of the State."

THE TRUTH WANTED

No. As far as we know Mr. Baldwin assumed that if there could be no morganatic marriage, the King must indeed go.

WHAT WOULD THE PREMIER HAVE DONE IF THE KING HAD SAID: "WELL, MR. PRIME MINISTER, I AM SORRY, BUT I AM THE KING. I DO NOT PROPOSE TO ABDICATE, AND WHEN MRS. SIMPSON IS FREE, I PROPOSE TO ASK HER TO MARRY ME."

Would we then have had a Dethronement Bill thrust on to the Commons by the Cabinet?

Had that been so, we might at least have had the truth of the whole sorry episode which we have not yet had.

We have yet to learn, for example, why Mr. Baldwin kept silence for all the months that the King's affection for Mrs. Simpson was the open gossip of the American Press.

This was long before the divorce.

If the marriage was indeed impossible, a few words from the Premier at the very beginning of the reign might have saved us from its tragic ending. Why were those words not spoken. According to Mr. Baldwin, the matter was not discussed until November. Why was it not discussed in February?

THE TRUTH IS THAT KING EDWARD HAD NO HELP FROM HIS ADVISERS.



Mr. Lloyd George, who describes the treatment of King Edward as "shabby."

THEY PERMITTED THE SITUATION TO DEVELOP IN WHICH ABDICATION INDEED BECAME ALMOST INEVITABLE.

When that situation had developed they told nothing to the Commons or the people until the fateful document was already signed.

SEALED LIPS OPEN

Only when Baldwin's ascendancy was established did the sealed lips open—and then to pour out eulogies of the King that made one wonder why he had been allowed so abruptly to depart.

The King—said Mr. Baldwin—behaved like a great gentleman. Did Mr. Baldwin behave as well? Did he at any moment try to help the King, or did he present a pistol at the Royal head—"renounce the woman or renounce the throne"? The words would not be said, but the choice would be inferred, as politicians can infer these things.

THE EPISODE IS NOT OVER. WE HAVE STILL TO LEARN THE TRUTH. IT MAY BE THAT WHEN PARLIAMENT RE-ASSEMBLES MEN OF THE EMOTION OF MR. LLOYD GEORGE MAY SUCCEED IN EXTRACTING IT.

It is only fair to King George VI—to whom all citizens now give loyalty, as his brother gives loyalty—that the truth should be known.

WE WANT NO MORE MYSTERIOUS ABDICATIONS.

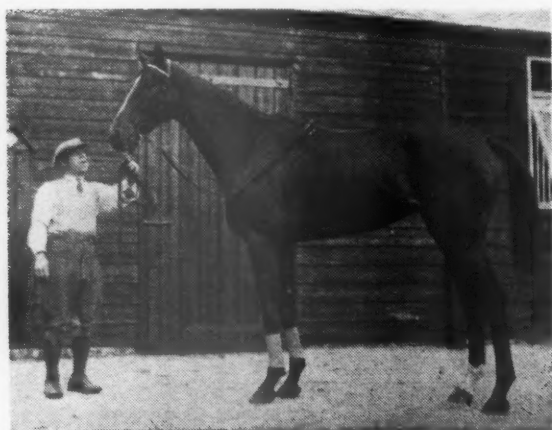
RACING

A Jockey's Complaint

By David Learmonth

A JOCKEY'S grievance which was ventilated last year has cropped up again. It was said, and with truth in many cases, that certain owners and trainers were putting up stable lads on unfancied horses and paying them fees far less than the statutory ones laid down by the National Hunt rules. By doing so established jockeys complained that they were being deprived of a living.

It is a situation which has, I fear, not always been viewed in its true perspective. In the first



A likely jumping recruit. Corpach, recently bought by Mr. G. S. L. Whitelaw for 3,000 guineas out of a draft of Lord Astor's horses, looks the sort to make a jumper.

place it must be made clear that these owners and trainers are not doing anything illegal. The rules clearly say that a jockey under National Hunt rules shall, "in the absence of an agreement to ride for a lesser sum," be paid three guineas for riding a loser in a race worth less than £85 to the winner and five guineas if he wins the race. In all races worth more than this sum he shall be paid five guineas and ten guineas respectively.

Both Sides of the Case

It is, therefore, quite plain that the owner or trainer is entitled to make an agreement with any jockey to ride for a lesser sum. The point is whether he is acting fairly and honourably by doing so.

There are some trainers who argue that if they keep horses of their own with the idea of giving promising lads a chance to get experience in public then they are doing the lads a favour, and that they should not complain if they only receive about a third of the proper fee. Against this it is indisputable that, no matter how laudable a portion of the trainer's intentions may be, he at least likes

to recover the cost of such instructional horses, and a bit more if he can.

When a race comes along in which he thinks one of the horses will be able to earn the necessary money, he takes the stable lad off and puts up a more experienced jockey. The lad feels sore at being deprived of the opportunity of riding a winner, and the experienced jockeys feel depressed when they add up the number of extra guineas they might have had if they had ridden the animal when he was not fancied.

The older jockeys argue that if these young competitors had to be paid full fees the trainers would never have put them up but would have preferred to rely on the superior skill of those with established reputations, and they look upon the lads as unfortunates who, through no fault of their own, are being forced into the position of blacklegs.

There is certainly a lot to be said for this. Steeplechasing is a dangerous game, and it does not seem right to ask a man to take such a risk for inadequate payment. But the older jockeys have now done their own case much disservice by complicating the issue.

They say that many of these lads are dangerous to ride against, as they do not keep straight and are generally reckless and wild.

Why Take Risks?

Now it is inconceivable that the fact that a jockey is paid too little could make him reckless. In fact, the less he is paid the more careful of his own skin one would expect him to be. Why should he take risks for his master if he is inadequately paid?

The only reason why these lads are wild is because they are inexperienced and are not at the moment able to do any better. The less riding they get the less experience they will get, with the result that we shall not have an adequate supply of young jockeys coming on.

It is obvious, then, that anything which would discourage trainers from giving young jockeys a chance would be bad for the sport. At the same time most of the leading trainers strongly deprecate the practice of cutting their fees and refuse to have anything to do with it.

I think in the case of a youngster who is genuinely being taught his trade and given proper opportunities for practice there may be some justification for cutting his fees—I am not here dealing with the case of apprentices. But in the case of an elderly lad who is not likely to improve and become a finished jockey but who can get almost anything round the course, then I think it should be made obligatory to pay the statutory fees.

This could be legislated for by making it compulsory to pay the statutory fees to all jockeys over a certain age or all who have held a licence for, say, three years.

The Cockney

By Dan Russell

THE little cock sparrow sat on the gutter pipe and preened his black waistcoat. Though seemingly fully occupied with his toilet he was quite aware of all that was going on around him. His beady eyes were for ever watching the suburban garden beneath and the nearby houses. Close at hand was his nest where his mate was sitting on her eggs. Sparrows have very definite views on the duties and responsibilities of their wives and never leave them alone for very long during the nesting season. The nest itself was the most crazy and untidy affair imaginable.

His waistcoat arranged to his satisfaction, the sparrow raised his bullet head and surveyed the garden with great care. So far as he could see there was no danger present, but a life of ever present risks had made him cautious. For two or three minutes he peered downwards. Then he fluttered down to the bird-table on the lawn. A big blackbird was feeding on the few crumbs which remained, but the sparrow did not hesitate. Straight up to the blackbird he fluttered and began to pick the crumbs right from under the bigger bird's beak. The blackbird made one feeble protest, but it was answered with such a squeak of rage that he gave it up and flew off to more peaceful quarters.

Where Danger Lurks

When he had polished off the few morsels of bread the sparrow looked around for more food. In the corner of the garden was a dense thicket of raspberry canes. These would afford both shelter and food. Like a little brown mouse he crept between the canes and ate. It was noticeable that between every peck he gave a quick but searching glance around. Not that there was much danger, the raspberry canes hid him too well for that, but one should always be careful.

The raspberries were not so fruitful as he thought, but on the other side of them was a newly-sown bed of carrots. In an instant the little thief was hopping down the carefully tended rows and wolfing the seeds. So well did his tiny brown form blend with the ground that it was very difficult to distinguish him except when he was moving. He fed well on those seeds and was just beginning to feel that he had had enough when a sudden gust of wind blew aside the raspberry canes.

The sparrow had one fleeting glimpse of a shadowy grey form and two cruel yellow eyes, then he was in the air and fluttering towards the gutter-pipe and the air was loud with his shrill imprecations. No sooner had he raised his voice than the gutterpipe was dotted with heads and the air was full of shrill voices as myriads of sparrows shrieked their fury at the marauding cat.

He soon forgot that little mishap, for he was of a mercurial temperament. He saw to it that his wife was doing her job properly and not neglecting her

eggs; then, as was fit and proper for the lord and master of the nest, he took his ease on the roof tree. Other sparrows were darting about and cursing each other as they got in each others way, but of these he took no heed unless it was to cock a beady eye when a fight seemed imminent.

All of a sudden it started. From down the street came the sound of angry screams followed by the sounds of combat. This was the real thing. Our sparrow did not hesitate, he spread his little wings and flew towards the sound of the disturbance, for of all things he loved a good fight. Nor was he alone. From all along that guttering came cock sparrows bristling for combat. Like the vulgar little street arabs that they are they flocked to the quarrel.

Open Warfare

Two sparrows were disputing the ownership of a piece of nesting material. The dispute had grown so hot that it had come to open warfare. Hardly had they begun to spar round than they were engulfed by a wave of friends and enemies. Yelling and fluttering the sparrows began a free-for-all. Most of the newcomers were quite ignorant of the cause of the trouble, but that did not matter. All that they wanted was fight. And fight they did with beaks and wings and voices. Our sparrow sustained a nasty gash on the head from some glancing beak. But he gave as good as he got and jostled and swore with the worst.

It was all over as suddenly as it had started. The milling mass broke up into its various entities and they all flew back to their nests as if nothing had happened. But that it had been a serious fight was proved by the fact that two of them remained on the ground. Never again would they fight and quarrel on the gutter pipes.

When our sparrow reached his nest it was to find more trouble awaiting him. Very close to his wife sat a handsome young cock who chirped to her in a soft and pleasing voice. Like an arrow the outraged husband flung himself on the intruder who turned tail and fled. Honour was not to be satisfied with that. Our sparrow pursued him over the housetops and called to his friends to help him deal with this treacherous knave.

They needed no invitation. In numbers they came and chased their wretched victim until at last he turned at bay. Two minutes later he lay dead with both eyes pecked out. Whether the sparrows did this from a strong sense of morality is doubtful; it is more probable that the little villains were merely indulging in their usual love of trouble.

Ten minutes later a little cockney ruffian sat on the gutter pipe by his nest and looked anxiously around. Things had been very quiet for a few minutes. Was there no trouble to be found anywhere?

The Fate of Another League of Nations

By Maurice K. Kidd

"IN the name of the most Holy Indivisible Trinity. . ." A hundred and twenty years ago this was the proper way to begin an international document, and never more appropriately, would you think, when you read for the first time the grandiloquent opening of a certain document signed in Paris in September a hundred and twenty years ago, which bears such resemblances to the League of Nations.

Listen to this:

"Their Majesties the Emperor of Austria, the King of Prussia, and the Emperor of Russia, because of the events that have made notable the events of the last three years in Europe (*i.e.*, the overthrow of Napoleon) and principally the benefits which Providence has seen fit to shower on those States whose governments have placed their confidence and hope in her alone, have become convinced that the Powers must, in their relations with each other, act upon the sublime truths taught by the imperishable religion of God our Saviour. . ."

So far so good.

" . . . we solemnly declare that the present action has as its only object to show the Universe their inflexible determination to take as a rule of conduct either in administering their own states or in their political relations with any other government, none but the principles of this Holy Creed—principles of justice, charity and peace, which so far from being applicable to private life, ought, on the contrary, to influence directly the decision of kings, and guide their actions. . ."

To Live as Brothers

And so the originator of the Holy Alliance, Tsar Alexander of Russia, The Emperor Francis of Austria, and Frederic William of Prussia (the ex-Kaiser's grandfather) all promised to live as brothers hereafter. They would help each other at any time and anywhere, and would welcome any other powers that would like to join the Alliance.

Then, as now, there were plenty willing to give lip-service to the cause of peace, and soon nearly all the heads of the States of Europe had signed it. Not many shared the Tsar's high ideals and sanguine hopes, but anything that would preserve the Treaty of Paris and the other fruits of the Congress of Vienna was welcome. Those documents, designed to remake Europe after Napoleon had been finally beaten by Wellington and packed off to St. Helena, were about as voluminous, preten-

tious, and ultimately unsatisfactory as the treaties that marked the official end of the last war.

Poor George III of England could not sign. He was blind and deaf now, and his lucid moments had become so rare that his brother was Regent for him. Neither could he well sign, for he was not, like the others, an absolute monarch: parliamentary leaders were masters here; so he sent a letter wishing them well.

Much more practical was the joining of his country with the three first signatories of the Holy Alliance in a "Quadruple Alliance" on the very day the final treaty with vanquished France was signed. The smaller countries were not invited to attend. If they had been there they would have been counted of no greater importance than they are in the present League. France had been in disgrace and was not to be admitted until she was fit; Germany was in the same way excluded from the League for a time.

"General Tranquility"

And what was the purpose of this Alliance? The very same as that to which the League has endeavoured to apply itself, "wishing to apply all means so that the general tranquility may not be disturbed afresh and lay down the principles they propose to follow to guarantee Europe from the dangers that may still threaten her." They were to keep the peace treaty, and promised to work together while the army of occupation was in France, and jointly fight if Napoleon or any of his family returned. Most important and most modern of all, however, they arranged to meet again, to decide what would be best for Europe's well-being. "Europe," being interpreted, did not only mean their own countries, but other nations as well, because later they interfered with some of them.

Just now a new figure was thrusting his way forward on the European stage, and he was to dominate it for many years. This was Prince Metternich, chief minister of Austria. Dominate Europe he might, but he did not dominate England.

The Alliance under his influence came to regard as its chief missions the duty of preventing small peoples who had been placed under the government of others from attempting to break away, and also that of quelling any revolts by any peoples against their kings because they wished to have a parliamentary government like ours, for they fondly imagined that this meant true liberty and the end of all their ills.

Suspicions were rankling, however, in the breasts of the members even before they met again. Castlereagh of England was not very keen, and Metternich had said the Holy Alliance was "mere verbiage." Russia was supposed to be about to ally herself with France and break away. Leaving the League and allying yourself to your old enemy, so to speak. Russian spies were seen everywhere.

"A Splendid Show"

Aix la Chapelle was the chosen spot for the meeting of 1818. Geneva and Lausanne had not yet become sufficiently fashionable and expensive. It was a splendid show. Francis from Austria fancied himself as the Holy Roman Emperor, and prayed at the tomb of Charlemagne. Came the Tsar and Frederic William in person, and we sent Wellington and Castlereagh.

The well-meaning Tsar brought a memoir ending, "It must be distinctly understood that the Quadruple Alliance is only the centre of a general alliance of the European System . . ." but little was heard of this, and a new version of the old alliance was produced, much the same as before.

The Duke of Wellington spent much time in arranging the final review and field day for the army of occupation, which was soon to leave, and the four parties discussed whether they should let France come in or no. Eventually they did, and His Most Christian Majesty signed the Alliance. The Congress, as it was generally called, was so jealous, every man fearing his neighbour and casting suspicious glances at him, that they all promised not to meet behind the backs of the others to discuss anything affecting a third party. They decided to evacuate France, and reprimanded the King of Sweden for breaking a treaty. Figuratively speaking, he replied by putting out his tongue at them. In 1815 they had said that slavery ought to be abolished, and the trade stopped, and without losing time, too.

England Stayed Out

Now meetings of this curious body were not at fixed intervals, and were called as required. They were hence-forward required only when some state broke out in revolt against a hated rule of some king whom Napoleon had toppled off his throne and who had been perched up on it once more in 1815. The idea that, however cruel or unfair it may be, or objectionable to others, a country has a right to have what sort of government it likes had yet to come, so the powers decided to go and help these kings against their subjects. England wisely refused to have anything to do with them, and France did too.

The first countries affected were Spain and Italy. The former they left for a time, but Italy showed alarming signs of becoming a united country as it is to-day. This would never do for Austria, who sent an army of seventy or eighty thousand men, and got Russia to promise to help if necessary. Of course Austria soon had the revolutionaries in hand, and ruled the land for a time in the name

of kings who depended on her, with merciless severity. Small wonder that Austria and Italy exchange fierce glances to this day across the Adriatic!

The next congress got the French to invade Spain to put matters right there, and they succeeded well. Then, flushed with success, the happy family party talked of retaking the South American colonies which had seized the chance of becoming independent. England, whose representatives had been for some time only "observers" said, "Leave them alone," and President Munroe of the U.S.A. stopped all the talk by saying that if they interfered, the U.S.A. would consider it an unfriendly act.

No More Congresses

Now we can see why the U.S.A. looks askance at European Leagues to this day, and why that started with such high motives came to dwindle to such an end, for England had no more to do with it, and no more congresses were held. One by one the mistakes of the peace treaties were rectified, not always without bloodshed, but without European War. Belgium detached herself from Holland, France sent her king in flight to England, and later when the opportunity arose, Italy became the powerful united nation of to-day. Had it not been for the rise of a new powerful and ambitious Germany no big conflagration would probably have lit up Europe to this day.

A Plover Chick

*"Whaup, whimbrel and plover,
When these whustle the worst o't's over."*

In the last week of March I saw the first willow-wren; and on April 4th first heard the cuckoo—though the roadman told me "he'd heerd un knockin' about" the day before. Two days later I chanced on another sign of summer's nearness.

Walking in a hedged lane, I saw an odd, little bird running on ahead. I soon came to it, hiding in the grass, flattening its mottled, downy body to look like a stone. It was a young plover, as the parents circling overhead would have told me. I lifted it, put my hand through a hole in the hedge and threw it gently into the grassy field, where I thought it would be safer than in the lane. I watched them from a little distance, and had the pleasure, after nearly ten minutes, of seeing it run to its father, who waited until it was close, then stood over it, bowing, and seeming to feed it.

The peewee has many names, the Gaelic, "little horn of the rushes," being most descriptive of the cock bird with his dainty crest. Shakespeare says, "far from her nest the lapwing cries away"; but the pair I saw seemed averse to going far from their nestling.

L.M.M.C.

**We invite our readers
to write to us express-
ing their views on
matters of current
:: :: interest :: ::**

WHAT OUR

Correspondents who wish their letters published in the following issues are requested to arrange for them to reach us as early as possible.

A Judas in Our Midst

DEAR MADAM,—

Britain has lost her beloved King, a true monarch, and a gentleman. Shall we ever know the truth of how he was betrayed? We already know by whom.

Is it not time for every true Englishman to demand the resignation of the betrayer? There is also the case of a very "Christian" man, who can only hit when a man's back is turned.

I am sure there are many who will join with me in wishing King Edward long life and happiness.

J. W. SANDS.

9, Bessborough Street, S.W.1.

A Revolting Act

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,—

I have read this week's *Saturday Review*. It reveals a real English spirit and love of fair play.

The country without a dissentient voice has let one of the best of Kings go.

The voice of the people was absent from the decision. A party parliament is a great danger to the liberty of the subject as recent events prove.

To cause the abdication of a good King, sympathetic to his subjects, was a cold blooded act. It revolts me.

OLD CONSERVATIVE.

Chepstow Villas, W.11.

Outspoken and Clear

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,—

It is with a feeling of pleasure and pride as a Briton that I take this opportunity of thanking you for the clarity and outspokenness of your paper, and the facts it so well discloses in your issue of the 12th December.

Oh! that the whole Nation could have been given a true copy of same! Our King would still be with us. Good luck to your paper.

AN INTERESTED READER.

Glasgow, C.5.

King Edward Faced Facts

MADAM,—

I recently read your *Review* for the first time in my twenty years of life. In reading through its excellent articles I came to the conclusion that, in common with Edward VIII, it has the courage of its convictions, which are, in fact, an only too true knowledge of the real facts.

It is a matter of sincere regret to the whole world that Parliament has forced the hand of a man who told it that he had seen the sorts and conditions of men without a veil, and was horrified with what he saw. Needless to say I have commended the "S.R." to all my friends.

SAMUEL D. W. ROBERTS.

Tree Top Kennels,
Bournemouth.

A New Reader's Appreciation

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,—

The *Saturday Review* came to my notice for the first time this week.

Let me thank you for two things; first, your fine stand in defence of King Edward and his lady.

My friends all think he is the finest King this country

has had and we would like to see him recalled, together with his lady. We do not believe the scandalous and lying tales in circulation about them.

We believe he is the victim of politicians and churchmen, and never again will we vote for a candidate of Baldwin or any of his Cabinet.

Secondly, my thanks are due to your cold cure, which I have already had recourse to.

I am looking forward to the next issue of the *Saturday Review*, and conclude with a sincere "God Bless you!"

E. A. IRWIN.

51, Clapham High Street,
London, S.W.4.

Scribes and Pharisees

DEAR MADAM,—

One can only liken Stanley Baldwin and the House of Commons to Caiaphas and the Scribes and Pharisees.

ALEX. C. SCRIMGOUR.

Honer Farm, Chichester.

A Human Monarch

DEAR MADAM,—

First, may I compliment you on the production of a splendid—free from cant—paper? May every success attend your efforts.

After the visit of our lost, loyal and loved King to various places of want, privation and sorrow, his ever ready, human heart was saddened by what he saw.

His command, "Something must be done," gave Baldwin and Co. "cold feet."

MISS M. DALE.

King's Road, Chelsea.

A Glorious King

DEAR MADAM,—

I feel I must write to congratulate you on your splendid outspoken articles—mainly in reference to our glorious King Edward VIII. The article "My Dream" is most remarkable and significant.

Each week I look forward to the *Saturday Review*, and it is read by many in my little café opposite Rowton House.

Wishing you and your journal every possible success.

JOHN SAVAGE,
Ex-C.O.M. Sgt.

20, Bond Street,
Vauxhall, S.W.8.

Banning King Edward's Speech

DEAR MADAM,—

That records of the sorrowful but dignified farewell to his peoples broadcast by our beloved King Edward VIII should be banned after his lifelong, earnest service to the nation and the Empire is a shameful scandal that cries to high heaven!

How dare the hypocritical gang who so misgovern us impute to the British peoples the base ingratitude such a ban implies?

Will you not republish the broadcast as a special supplement?

I am posting extra copies of Saturday's issue to friends, four of them overseas.

A.F.E.

Newcastle-on-Tyne.

READERS THINK

The Archbishop Should Resign

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,—

May I add my congratulations to the many thousands that Comyns Beaumont must have received on account of his excellent article calling on the Archbishop of Canterbury to resign?

In the Services even those who have accomplished much—like David Beatty—are placed on the retired list at 65.

While I am not suggesting that the Archbishop is past active work, there are surely actions more fitting for him to do than casting stones at his superior officer.

Perhaps we may yet see him visiting the distressed areas.

STRUTT GORDON.

Hampstead.

God Help England

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,—

With all due reverence I say if the Christ came back as the carpenter's son, a friend of publicans and sinners, the Church would be the first to denounce him.

Had our beloved King Edward VIII been less a friend of the under dog, less heartbroken at the tragedies he saw in Dowlais, he could have had any private life he liked. He wanted to know too much from the moth-eaten politicians.

He wanted to *know* why such and such was not done. He meant to end the ridiculously over-staffed establishments—the waste.

All I can say is "God help England!" You may know the old prophecy;

"When David to the throne shall come

Peace and Prosperity at home.

If David from the throne is driven

Peace and Prosperity is riven."

N. EGERTON FREE.

2, Morland Road, Croydon.

The People's Grief

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,—

The Protestant Church teaches people to "Love one Another" and now in the 20th century, just because King Edward VIII loved, he becomes the object of criticism by the Archbishop of Canterbury and, to add insult to injury, that criticism is broadcast.

One is not surprised that the Church of England is losing its hold on the people and this last act of indiscretion will not improve conditions. What does a bachelor Archbishop know about the dictates of a human heart?

The majority of the British people will always have an open sore, due to the loss of their King whom they loved with all their heart and soul, and will wake up to the fact that Ministerial intrigue and spiritual superiority have done everything to cause that loss.

King Edward VIII loved his people and the welfare of the ex-Serviceman, the poor and the needy were a serious concern of his. He saw the poverty in Wales for instance and that is where the shoe pinched—other eyes could not or would not—see what he saw.

All our late troubles and sorrows savour of Communism. It would be interesting to know why there was no plebiscite before we were deprived of a lovable and human King.

A. JARROLD BLACK.

Herne Bay, Kent.

A King in Our Hearts

SIR,—I am glad to see the crisis which brought about the abdication of King Edward so ably dealt with in the *Review*.

I have heard so much about the democratic and Christian spirit that I am wondering what it all means.

Is it democracy to deny an individual the right to choose his partner in life? What intolerable humbug for Cabinet and Primate to meddle in the building up of the home. Humble subjects laugh at the issues raised. Would they not have acted as the late King did?

King Edward VIII will be sorely missed in the circle of the poor and unemployed, for whom he did such noble work. He will be in their hearts this year, and so will he be in the heart of a mother (like every mother) who loves her son.

There is still much to be done among the poor and unemployed. King Edward's parting words were that in a private capacity he would gladly help.

Is not his heart here now and not on foreign soil? Cannot he be persuaded to return soon to our midst? Is it desirable that he should remain in a foreign land? Will no one raise his voice and plead for his return to our country and the people he loves so well?

We all love our King and Queen and the Royal Family, and we don't want one of them too far from our midst.

A LOYAL SUBJECT.

Glamorgan.

A Campaign of Lies

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,—

How can those who loved and *do love* King Edward, ever thank you enough for your loyal championship? In the very deepest depression which constantly comes over me, when thinking of King Edward VIII, I always manage to get some consolation in reading the words I long to write, boldly and fearlessly expressed in your paper. Bless you for them!

The Baldwin controlled Press are trying to hush up their leaders' cabal against King Edward, and, if they are allowed to do so, they may consider themselves strong enough to create another crisis—King George may be forced out if he is not sufficiently docile to minister and priest.

What a Leader!

The Baldwin controlled Press and the priesthood will stick at nothing to gain their ends. They fill their pages (and the ether) with lies and calumny.

But the lip loyalty of the Baldwin controlled Press is only "loyalty" while their chief gives the orders for loyalty. And what a chief! Not long ago he made his Foreign Minister a scapegoat; then he acknowledged he deceived the public in the last election (for their own good or his—which?) and then, while using the term "friend" so often and so glibly (in reference to King Edward) he joined with his priestly confederate to stab him in the back.

They refused to allow him to broadcast while the issue was in the balance. When he had decided to go permission was granted—but *no records*! God preserve us all from such friendships and such Christianity.

Dear Lady Houston, do keep watch over these would be dictators.

ARTHUR MAUDE.

19, Talbot Square, W.2.

WHAT OUR READERS THINK

A Master of Half Truths

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,—

For years I have admired you for your wonderful patriotism and fearless actions. And now I write to thank you for your wonderful efforts to keep our beloved King Edward.

My head is bowed in shame at the disgrace of his treatment. We are callous. I only hope that you will continue to show up Baldwin and his gang. The *Morning Post*, in the days of its honesty, called him a "Master of half truths." When I read his speech at the abdication his insinuations proved him to be even worse.

For years I thought Baldwin was a fool, now I know he is a knave. Some years ago the Headmaster of Harrow told my husband—who was a Liberal—that Baldwin had said to him that the Conservatives were the most stupid people in the world, and, my goodness! they have proved it up to the hilt.

Also about the same time, I was talking to a real Tory and he said "Baldwin is a Socialist." No argument will move him and I think he has *proved* he is not fit to lead our Party.

Wesfield
Chesham Bois, Bucks.

IDA M. PERKINS.

A Great Gentleman

DEAR MADAM,—

I share intensely your feelings on the sufferings of a great man—King Edward VIII.

At an early age in 1914 he answered the call of duty. Again in 1928 during the illness of his father he flew a vast distance to be at his post and now he again has made his word his bond before anything.

If anyone can do more I should like to find him. He is a true English gentleman.

Smitham Downs Road,
Purley.

HANNAH ELEMS.

A Vicious Attack

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,—

Amid the disloyal and ungrateful pronouncements of narrow-minded churchmen or blinded people, your paper seems the only one (apart from *Action*) that remained true to our rightful King in the recent crisis. That is why I am now a regular reader of the *Saturday Review*, having cancelled my order for the *Daily Telegraph*, which paper I had been taking for years.

This torrent of abuse poured on the man we were supposed to love has shocked the entire world, where people still believed in English loyalty and fair play.

The *Daily Telegraph*, after threatening King Edward with "Nemesis, that will surely overtake him" (a cheap prophecy at its best, as every man meets some form of sorrow sooner or later) is now pursuing its work in a hundred and one ways. For instance, King Edward Coronation Souvenirs are referred to as "curios," whereas the right word is undoubtedly "momentos" as any dictionary can explain.

Letters are published by that paper containing attacks against the King. For instance, prominence is given to a letter in which it is stated that "the crown on Edward VIII stamps . . . is a microscopic dab in the corner, as though it were out of reach of the Monarch's brow . . ."

So carry on, Lady Houston. Your great work is more and more appreciated by the duped masses. You are voicing the opinion of the immense majority, however unheard. . . as yet.

Crescent Grove, S.W.4.

G.F.B.

Ten Million Daggers

MADAM,—

A Cabinet Minister in a recent speech said, "It is fundamental that this country cannot be expected to render help to others either in the economic or in the

financial sphere if the only result of such action is to be a further piling up of armaments."

Unfortunately the Board of Trade have done this by giving Soviet Russia a credit of £10,000,000. This transaction was sprung upon the House of Commons and hardly debated!

How is this credit used? Why are not questions asked about it in the House of Commons? It is largely used for the purchase of machinery suitable for armaments and boat building. As to armaments, the Chief War Commissioner boasts that Soviet Russia has the biggest and best armed forces in the world, including 1,500 picked women as air pilots and better airplanes than Germany.

The boat building machinery obtained with the 10 million credit, builds the Soviet timber ships, which are driving our own timber ships out of the Baltic trade.

The mysterious, nay sinister, aspect of the business is why are we always playing into the hand of Bolshevik Russia? As typical Easterns they cheat us in every transaction we have made with them.

A SUBSCRIBER.

Guildford.

Women and the Coronation

SIR,—We should be indebted to Miss Hilda Dutch for her letter calling the attention of other council authorities to our proposals in Finchley for a series of informal tea parties which are to be held, of course, as originally intended, at Coronation time. I agree that the idea might very usefully be taken up by other Boroughs and that the women constituents might well meet their Mayor for a chat about things in general and their own Borough's welfare in particular.

If housewives could be the guests of the Mayors at a series of three or four tea parties next year, then the Coronation would be remembered here, and, wherever the idea were adopted, for a very real piece of public service. This bringing together of home and council chamber would help in municipal work and strengthen the fellow-feeling which turns a district into a home.

PERCY ARNOLD.

54, Denman Drive,
London, N.W.11.

POINTS FROM LETTERS

We may have heard the truth about the events in December; but we have not heard the *whole* truth. The position of the Crown is central in our Empire, hence we should be very jealous of the attempts which are being made to diminish its influence and prestige.

F. H. BLAKENEY.

Winchester.

* *

Before the visit of King Edward VIII, South Wales was a hot-bed of Communism and discontent. King Edward's two days' visit worked wonders. The men's hopes were raised and their loyalty was marvellous.

E. M. EASTON.

Torquay.

* *

In the midst of the suffering and despair of thousands of the people in the distressed areas, the Church proposes to spend a million pounds on a new Church House in Westminster!

C. OF E.

Southsea.

* *

It seems strange to hear the Archbishop of Canterbury appealing for a religious revival when he has recently himself adopted so un-Christian an attitude towards King Edward VIII. Let us by all means have a religious revival. Unfortunately, however, the Archbishop is decidedly not the man to lead it.

A. N. CLARK.

Walthamstow.

NEW BOOKS I CAN RECOMMEND

Martyrs and Heroes

By the Literary Critic

THE superstitious who believe in the relevancy of omens and portents can find support for their theories in many a fateful happening in the lives of Charles I of England, of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette of France and of the Tsar Nicholas II of Russia.

Louis XVI and the Tsar Nicholas in particular seemed to be specially marked down as the victims of a cruel relentless Fate.

In his early childhood, Nicholas II witnessed the dying agonies of his assassinated grandfather. Then were to follow a series of unhappy incidents culminating in the terrible catastrophe during the Coronation festivities (of the "thirteenth Romanoff" on the thirteenth of the month) when five thousand peasants were crushed to death in a sudden stampede.

Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette

Similarly, the messenger carrying the news of Louis' birth to the French Court was thrown from his horse and killed; and while Louis was still a boy death deprived him of both his parents. His marriage, too, with Marie Antoinette was the occasion of a distressing disaster, a misdirected firework setting fire to a heap of wood and causing a panic among the celebrating crowds and death or serious injury to many persons.

To the historical student, however, more curious than the occurrence of these and other strange portents is the point emphasised by Mrs. Nesta H. Webster in the latest of her illuminating studies of the French Revolution ("Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette Before the Revolution," Constable, illustrated, 18s.). This is that—

"no complete biography of the monarch whose reign was the most momentous in the history of France has ever been compiled even in that country."

The result of this singular omission has been to hand down to Posterity what Mrs. Webster calls a vast "farrago of distorted fact and disordered fancy" regarding the actual characters and opinions of Louis XVI and his Queen.

Marie Antoinette she reveals as "certainly not a reactionary, for though she made mistakes, she erred on the side of democracy, not of despotism," while as for Louis XVI

"The time has surely come to readjust our opinion of that most unhappy monarch . . . It may then be realised how illogical is the attitude of those Liberal-minded writers who deride Louis XVI for following, at the sacrifice of his throne and his life, that very policy of concession which they applaud as the height of wisdom when pursued by statesmen of to-day with so little risk to their own interests. At the same time, those of us who believe that policy to be fundamentally unsound and hold that rebellion should be put down with a just severity, may none the less accord respect to a man who, however mistaken from our point of view, showed himself ready to die for his political faith."

History has not been over-kind to the memory of George Monck, Duke of Albemarle. In fact, most historians have found him something of an enigma, if nothing worse.

That no doubt is due to the fact that he appeared to have an uncanny faculty for changing sides at opportune moments.

The truth is Monck's first venture as a Royalist was a very brief affair. He was captured within a week of getting his command of a Royal regiment, he never took service against the King, and as a soldier and a patriot he might well have calmed his conscience by the work he was called upon to perform for Cromwell in pacifying Ireland and Scotland and in defeating the Dutch.

He was certainly loved and trusted by the men under his command both on land and sea, and in his later life he enjoyed immense popularity as a national hero.

He had earned this fame by his exploits as an Admiral and as an administrator, by his capable handling of the problems connected with the Plague and the Great Fire and by his truly remarkable achievement, the Restoration of the Monarchy without bloodshed.

Two excellent biographies of Monck have appeared within a short interval of one another. The lighter and more anecdotal is by Mr. Oliver Warner and is entitled "Hero of the Restoration: A Life of General George Monck, 1st Duke of Albemarle" (Jarrolds, illustrated, 12s. 6d.). The second is by Mr. J. D. Griffith Davies (Lane, 12s. 6d. illustrated) and is called "Honest George Monck." This is a scholarly, well-reasoned appreciation of Monck's character and achievements.

A Great Frenchman

The French conquest of Morocco has a special interest for Englishmen as the story presents many parallels to our own methods in conquering and governing India.

The story, of course, is largely the story of France's ablest colonial soldier and administrator, Lyautey. It was he who formulated and carried out, during his thirteen years of rule, the policy which was to plant the tricolor firmly in Morocco. And in that policy he consciously or unconsciously followed very closely the principles adopted by the British Raj (John Company and the Crown) in India.

Those who would understand what the French and Lyautey have accomplished in Morocco and the events that led up to French penetration in that corner of Africa may be recommended to read Vice-Admiral C. V. Usborne's lucidly written and extremely interesting book "The Conquest of Morocco" (Stanley Paul, illustrated, 18s.).

THEATRE NOTES

"Heart's Content." Shaftesbury Theatre
By W. Cheetham Strode

"H EART'S Content" is a play of quiet domestic felicity. Ann Fenwick, the daughter of a K.C., is pursued by the admirable, but alas, unexciting Miles Channing, a young barrister of promise, but she discovers after leaving her cigarette case in a restaurant that the real thrill of passion is only communicated to her by a young Austrian waiter. Of course he isn't a waiter really, and if not a Prince in disguise, he is at least an Austrian gentleman who, though impoverished, is of even greater promise than Miles, the deputy leader of a young political party, learning about the English by watching them eat. Called back unexpectedly he refuses to allow Ann to follow him to a life of hardship, and she succumbs within a few years to the pressing endearments of her old admirer.

Suddenly Carl von Roden pops up on a mission—he is a Secretary of State. Yet only a moment's excitement is called for. They all meet, Miles leaves them alone, but it is all rosemary and no rue on either side.

A play with such a story needs good writing as well as fine acting to make it worthy of notice, and an excellent production by Mr. Raymond Massey allows both to shine forth generously. Mr. Cheetham Strode has garnished his trivial plot with wit and an unusually shrewd portraiture of familiar types, which are without exception presented by the actors with competence and sympathy. In particular Miss Diana Wynyard gives grace and intelligence to her role, Mr. Louis

Borell makes one believe in the fairy story, and Miss Mary Jerrold with Mr. O. B. Clarence are excellent as disapproving parents. Mr. Cyril Raymond offers a delightful sketch of a young English gentleman.

"Your Number's Up" Gate Theatre Studio

NORMAN MARSHALL presents "Your Number's Up" at the Gate—a Musical Play by Diana Morgan and Robert MacDermot, with music by Geoffrey Wright. It is lively, tuneful and amusing, and though perhaps not up to the high level of the Gate at its best, it opens uncommonly well, and recovers in several episodes the wit and point of its opening scene, which shows an aged Lord Radyr (Reginald Beckwith) lying on his death-bed surrounded by evidences of his gaming and blasphemous existence.

His son and daughter-in-law enter, and hearing from the Muse that he is comatose, they converse indiscreetly, as expectant heirs should never do, in the presence and within the hearing of the moribund peer. Suddenly he awakes and calls for his lawyer and leaves his entire estate to found a new public school with the promise that the money will return to the family if 300 pupils are not obtained by a certain date.

The bulk of the play is therefore concerned with Mulbury, the new school, and depicts the trials of the bishop, the general and the flightly spinster of a headmistress—admirably portrayed by Miss Gillian Hume—who make up the board of governors; they elect a chef with a motto "take your stomach by surprise" as the headmaster, and we follow the exciting and finally successful career of this pioneer among the educationalists through all the difficulties of encountering insulted duchesses and unruly pupils. C.S.

THE "SATURDAY REVIEW" REGISTER OF SELECTED HOTELS

LICENSED

BAMBURGH, NORTHUMBERLAND.—Victoria Hotel. Rec., 3. Pens., 6 gns. Tennis, golf, shooting, fishing.

CALLENDER, Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel, Trossachs. Bed., 60. Pens., from 5 gns. Lun., 3/6; Din., 6/-. Golf, fishing, tennis.

DUNDEE.—The Royal British Hotel is the best. H. & C. in all bedrooms. Restaurant, managed by Prop. Phone: 5059.

ELY, Cambs.—The Lamb Hotel. Bed., 20; Rec., 5. Pens., 5 gns. W.E., £2/15/-. Lun., 3/6; Din., 5/-. Boating.

LONDON.—Shaftesbury Hotel, Gt. St. Andrew Street, W.C.2; 2 mins. Leicester Sq. Tube. 250 bedrooms, H. & C. Water. Room, bath, breakfast, 7/6; double, 13/6.

LYNMOUTH, N. Devon.—Bevan's Lyn Hotel. Bed., 43. Pens., from 4 to 6 gns. W.E., 26/-. Lun., 3/6 and 4/-. Din., 5/6. Golf, hunting, fishing, tennis, dancing.

PAIGNTON, DEVON.—Radcliffe Hotel, Marine Drive. Bed., 70; Rec., 3. Pens., from 4 gns.; from 5 to 7 gns. during season. W.E., 15/- to 18/- per day. Golf, tennis.

PERTH, Scotland.—Station Hotel. Bed., 100; Rec., 4. Pens., from 4 gns.; W.E., from 24/-; Lun., 3/6; Tea, 1/6; Din., 6/-. Garden.

RYDE, I.O.W.—Royal Squadron Hotel. Bed., 20; Rec., 2. Pens., from 3½ gns. 1 minute from Pier. Golf, tennis, bowls and bathing. Cocktail bar. Fully licensed.

SALISBURY, Wilts.—Cathedral Hotel. Up-to-date. H. & C. and radiators in bedrooms. Electric lift. Phone: 399.

SIDMOUTH.—Belmont Hotel, Sea Front. Bed., 55; Rec., 3. Pens., 6½ to 8 gns. W.E., inclusive 3 days. Bathing, tennis, golf.

UNLICENSED

BEXHILL, Sussex.—Clevedon Guest House. Beautifully situated with garden. Good cooking. From 3 guineas. Special winter terms. Telephone 2086. Apply Proprietress.

BRIGHTON (HOVE).—NEW IMPERIAL HOTEL First Avenue. Overlooking sea and lawn. Comfortable residential hotel. LIFT. Central Heating, etc. Vita Sun Lounge. From 4 gns. Special residential terms.

BUDE, N. Cornwall.—The Balconies Private Hotel. Downs view. Pens., 4 gns. each per week, full board. Golf, boating, fishing, bathing, tennis.

FOLKESTONE.—The ORANGE HOUSE Private Hotel, 8, Castle Hill Avenue; 3 mins. to Sea and Leas Cliff Hall. Excellent table. "Not large but everything of the best."—3-4 gns.; Winter, 2 gns.—Prop., Miss Sykes of the "Olio Cookery Book."

HASTINGS.—Albany Hotel. Best position on the front. 120 rooms. Telephone: 761, 762.

LONDON.—ARLINGTON HOUSE Hotel, 1-3, Lexham Gardens, Cromwell Road, W.8. Rec., 4; Bed., 35. Pens., from 2½ to 5 gns.

BONNINGTON HOTEL, Southampton Row, W.C.1, near British Museum. 260 Rooms. Room, Bath and Table d'Hôte Breakfast, 8/6.

CORA HOTEL, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1. Near Euston and King's Cross Stations. Accom. 230 Guests; Room, Bath and Table d'Hôte Breakfast, 8/6.

MISCELLANEOUS

GERMAN gentleman gives private lessons in German. 2s. per lesson.—Dressler, 2, Gordon Street, W.C.1. Phone: Eus. 4859.

GERMANY'S desire for peace and general recovery. Read the facts. Free literature in English from Dept. S, Deutscher Fichte-Bund, Hamburg 36, Jungfernstieg 30.

MEMBERSHIP of the INCOME TAX SERVICE BUREAU brings relief.—Address: Sentinel House, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

EMPIRE NEWS

India and Edward VIII

From our Delhi Correspondent

Delhi, Dec. 10.

PEOPLE in India, European and all Indians who are able to read their newspapers, have been both extremely puzzled and alarmed by the news that has reached us regarding the so-called "Crisis" between Ministers of the Crown and King Edward VIII.

If the kind of information that has been given to us has also been meted out to the Dominions and the rest of the Empire, one imagines that our distress and bewilderment have been shared by all the King's overseas subjects.

The *Statesman* of Calcutta has expressed both this bewilderment and the underlying feeling of annoyance that most of us feel when it says:

"To read the messages beginning with the fatuous utterance of the Bishop and continuing with the veiled horror of the great dailies one might suppose that our beloved King had suddenly become a criminal and a traitor."

One feature of the situation that has surprised and pleased all Englishmen out here has been the almost universal rally of the Indian-owned and edited Press round the Throne and the person of the King-Emperor.

This is an indication of what the Crown and Edward VIII mean to all Indians, whether politically-minded or not.

The King-Emperor must not abdicate is the general cry.

There has, too, been an anxious search and appeal for a *via media* in order that abdication might no longer be an alternative.

"To the Indian mind," writes the *Amrita Bazar Patrika*, "abdication on an issue like this will be puzzling and distressing."

The *Indian Social Reformer* of Bombay expresses the hope that "a compromise may be eventually found."

"While on the one hand, India has nothing directly to do with the religious or other issues involved in the matter that tend to precipitate a constitutional crisis in Britain," writes the *Lahore Tribune*, "she cannot pretend to be indifferent to the crisis itself. The Crown is the sole surviving link between the Dominions."

There is also the anxiety lest so unprecedented a step should deeply disturb the traditional attitude of the Indian masses towards the Crown.

Sympathy for Edward VIII personally is general. It is particularly strong in the younger generation of Indians.

"Whatever fortunes the future may hold for him," writes the *Karachi Sind Observer*, "he will remain the idol of the people . . . His Majesty's heart has always beaten in unison with the masses, making the Empire kin."

The *Bombay Sentinel* writes more poignantly. "The common people's affection for King Edward VIII cannot be gainsaid . . . Prime Minister Baldwin is taking the wrong line . . . Tory Ministers had no mandate from the electorate to oppose the King's marriage . . . If there is to be abdication, Britain can better lose this self-appointed guardian than a King who has shown his adaptability to the changes of modern life."

This comment is typical of Editorials which are based on the conviction that the issue of abdication has been prematurely and brusquely put before the King.

"In frankly avowing his love and steadfastly adhering to the idea of marriage," writes the *Delhi National Call*, "the King has shown himself a better gentleman and a nobler Christian than the pillars of the Church."

Australia Looks to Britain

By an Australian Correspondent

IT is only rarely that any British Government has to be taken to task for failing to support the Dominions in any movement designed to foster the welfare of the British Empire.

Yet the need for Britain to bestir herself and follow a lead given by the Governments of Australia, New Zealand, and Canada has arisen in the last few days.

And that need is insistent. It involves the maintenance of a vital link in Imperial communications—British shipping in the Pacific.

One appreciates that the British Government has been extremely preoccupied with the Royal crisis. At the same time, action to prevent the British flag from being swept off the Pacific is imperative.

Australia has already acted. A Bill, which will exclude American ships from carrying passengers between Australia and New Zealand, is before the Commonwealth Parliament at present. It is assured of becoming law.

Its operation will, I understand, increase by £50,000 a year the earnings of British ships engaged in the Pacific trade.

In addition to the Commonwealth action, New Zealand has passed legislation, and Canada has increased her contribution to the mail subsidy.

But it cannot be pretended that these steps will do more than alleviate the acute distress in which British shipping in the Pacific finds itself.

More substantial aid is required if it is to hold its own in competition with the *Matson* luxury liners which enjoy a United States Government subsidy of \$378,000 a year.

The report of the Imperial shipping committee has plainly indicated the line of action the Empire must follow. It must fight subsidy with subsidy.

The Committee was asked to report on various phases of the problem, notably a plan for an Australia-New Zealand-Canada service operated by luxury liners comparable with the *Matson* ships.

The report was emphatic. It stated: ". . . no service of lower standards of speed and amenity could compete with it (the *Matson* line) on anything like equal terms."

At first glance, one might think that Pacific shipping is, after all, a matter for Australia, New Zealand and Canada, not Great Britain. That is a narrow view which will find no support from Imperial thinkers, especially from experts in Imperial defence.

The British Government has made no secret of its vital concern with this matter. It has assured the Dominions that it would come to the aid of British shipping in the Pacific, taking into consideration the Imperial Shipping Committee's report.

No one seriously thinks that Britain will evade its responsibilities, but some show of determination to move at more than a snail's pace would be welcomed by the Dominions concerned.

It is obvious that Australia and New Zealand and Canada, however earnest their desires, lack the essential resources to subsidise the proposed British luxury line.

They look to Britain to bear a share of the cost and to devise the basis of a workmanlike co-operative scheme without allowing precious months to be wasted.

Canada is Beating all Records for Gold

A CENSUS has been taken in Canada which shows that there are 125 gold milling plants in operation there at the present moment, treating a total of close upon 35,000 tons of ore daily, the highest in the history of the industry and considerably more than double the capacity of the milling plants in operation

five years ago. More than 20 new properties have entered production since the beginning of this year, with their daily capacities running from 25 to 500 tons and more.

There has been a consequent steady improvement in the volume and value of gold output, with figures for the first six months of 1936 at a new high level for a half-year period. Gold production during the period totalled 1,769,200 fine ounces, worth £12,400,000. Increases in output were general, a notable feature being the £800,000 gain recorded by Quebec, which was followed in order by Ontario with £600,000, British Columbia with £240,000, Manitoba and Saskatchewan combined with £60,000, Yukon with £45,000, and Nova Scotia with £13,200.

There is every confidence that the value of gold output in 1936 will reach £26,000,000. For thirteen successive years the industry will have established a new record in the annual value of its output.

Taking into consideration the steady increase in the productive units of the industry, the several recent announcements of proposed expansions in milling facilities, and the very encouraging results of prospecting and development work throughout the country, the outlook for the industry appears to be particularly bright.

Lights Out

THE Boy Scouts in Canada organised a Fire Prevention Week which has just been completed and has met with great success.

Quite apart from the damage inflicted by fire on property, an enormous amount of damage is done every year to the Dominion's forest resources by careless trippers and holidaymakers, as well as by unknown factors.

The Scouts, therefore, devoted one week to preaching and acting against carelessness. They published the fact that last year nearly twelve thousand fires were started by lighted cigarettes and matches, and also brought the campaign home to their own hearths by undertaking to see that their homes were cleaned up and made fire-safe.

Encouraging the Taxpayer in Uganda

WE quote below extracts from the report of Mr. A. E. Forrest, Treasurer of Uganda, who had been instructed to carry out an enquiry into the incidence of taxation in the Protectorate:—

"When it can be conveniently arranged, an appreciable increase in the contribution from any district should be immediately followed by some specific work in that district.

"The point of this is that the confidence of the taxpayer in the system

must be induced and retained if his collaboration is to be secured.

"Poll Tax.—The general opinion seems to be that the defaulters who are sent to gaol for not paying the present tax would almost certainly neglect to pay a substantially reduced tax; there are apparently some individuals who would definitely rather go to prison than go to work.

"I have been informed that a large proportion of the prisoners are wage-earners who deliberately spend their money on other things instead of paying their taxes."

Canada Visits Southern Rhodesia

THE resources of Southern Rhodesia have hardly been scratched. This is the view expressed by the Hon. R. B. Bennett, formerly Prime Minister of Canada, who has been visiting the colony. Interviewed in Bulawayo he expressed, however, his amazement at what had already been accomplished by a handful of people.

It had been gratifying, he said, to find evidence that the supplies of native labour were treated with every consideration, since they had been an important factor in the economic development of Rhodesia.

A Romantic Patrol

MUCH is being said and done just now in this country in connection with the development of the health of the citizen.

In Canada the Government have had the same concern for the individual, but in many ways the task has been still more formidable. In the North West Territories, for example, vast distances normally separate the patient from the doctor, and medical patrols have accordingly been organised to travel the country constantly rendering their healing services to Eskimos, Indians, half-breeds and indigent whites.

Here, surely, is the most romantic medical unit in the world. The mode of transport adopted by its personnel includes everything from Shank's mare and the dog team to the latest in aeroplanes. The doctors are eight in number and the effectiveness of their ministrations is shown by the steadily decreasing outbreaks of illness among the scattered population of this vast territory.

They have had particular trouble, apparently, with the Eskimos. Although a healthy and organically sound race, they are seriously susceptible to ailments which ordinarily cause white people only minor discomforts. Before the coming of the white man they knew nothing of such things as colds, but the arrival of the whaling and trading vessels each season was followed by widespread epidemics of cold and influenza among the natives.

That Famous Rock

By Captain F. H. Mellor

GIBRALTAR, a fortress and Crown Colony, guards for Great Britain the Western entrance to the Mediterranean.

The name is derived from Jeb-El-Tariq (Mount Tariq), Tariq being the name of the celebrated Moslem warrior who, in 711 A.D., conquered Andalusia at the head of an army of Arabs and Berbers.

Still to-day evidence of his handiwork may be seen in the keep of the Moorish Castle which he constructed on this natural fortress in order to keep secure his communications with Africa.

In the year 1462, the Rock, as it is usually called, passed into the hands of the Spaniards. They deemed the place impregnable, but none the less it was captured for the British by Sir George Rooke on the 24th of July, 1704.

Naturally the Spaniards made determined efforts to recapture their former stronghold, the most notable being between 1779 and 1783.

This siege ranks amongst the most famous in history and it is interesting to note that a remarkable innovation in warfare as then waged, was the use by the British Commander of red hot shot, an ingenious device which had much to do with the ultimate discomfort of the Spanish arms.

To-day the Rock, rising out of the sea to a height of 1,408 feet, is amazingly impressive, although the whole area is only some three miles long and some three quarters of a mile wide.

Along with Monkey Rock, or Ceuta mountain, in Spanish Morocco, it dominates the narrow straits, and it is of interest to note that these two points were known to the ancients as the Pillars of Hercules.

The inhabitants are for the most part of Maltese or Italian origin, the original Spanish residents having retired as a body to the little village of San Roque, situated a few miles away, in Andalusia.

But, of course, many English soldiers from the two regiments garrisoning the fortress may be seen in the narrow streets, and when the Fleet is in, the sailors land in such numbers as to cause the little town, which nestles at the foot of the Rock, to resemble Portsmouth or Plymouth.

In these troubled times it is essential that Great Britain should be strong and in the Rock with its harbour, dockyard and fortifications, we possess a priceless guardian of the communications with India and the East.

An example of this has been furnished of late during the war in Spain, as we have been able to maintain a sufficient number of warships based on Gibraltar to protect our shipping and cope with any emergency.

Also it is good to think that many refugees escaping from the Red Terror in Andalusia have found their way to this British stronghold.

FORGOTTEN DEEDS OF THE EMPIRE

The First Free Colony in Tropical Africa—I.

By Professor A. P. Newton

THE story of the colonisation of tropical Africa differs radically from that of any other part of the world.

What we now call the Dominions have developed from "colonies of settlement" where men of white stock found stretches of unoccupied or almost unoccupied territory in which they could build new homes with little interference from the uncivilised aborigines.

On the other hand, in Asia the white men who went thither to trade found vast populations and ancient complex civilisations, so that there could be no settlement.

"Colonisation" there meant domination and rule, in the first place for the safeguarding of trade and later for the organisation and development of markets to secure supplies of oriental products and pay for them with European manufactures and services.

Colonisation by settlement in the British Empire was almost wholly accomplished by individuals at their own expense and by their own unaided exertions when they left their



Map of Africa 1826, showing but a small amount of accurate knowledge of the interior.

home-land to find fresh opportunities to make a living beyond the sea.

In the East it had to be undertaken by powerful chartered companies which could command large supplies of capital and afford the expense of equipping costly expeditions and maintaining factories over sea for a long time before receiving any profit on their expenditure.

In Africa, on the other hand, there was an open trade, undertaken by individual merchants at their own risk and for the sake of a rapid profit.

There was never a great and successful company, like the East India Company, solely engaged in the African trade, for the Royal African Company could never keep out its minor competitors who undersold it wherever it tried to trade and brought it ultimately to bankruptcy.

There could be no colony of settlement in tropical Africa, for not only were the white men compelled by climatic conditions to keep their ports to the very edge of the sea, but they could not even make journeys inland owing to the hostility of the swarming negro tribes who occupied all the cultivable land.

European activity in West Africa was, therefore, confined for three centuries to trade along the coast, and though it was the very first of the fields into which European activity had expanded over sea, between 1488 and 1788 there was practically no solidly based or effective development.

At the latter date there were more trading posts on the coast of West Africa from the Senegal round to the Bight of Benin than there had been in 1488, but they carried on their business by much the same primitive methods as the first-comers, the Portuguese, had done in 1480, and they dealt only in the same commodities.

This was due in the main to the fact that by far the most important

commodity obtained from Africa was "black ivory," the negro slaves for whom there was an insatiable demand in the sugar plantations of the West Indies and Brazil and in the colonies of Spanish America.

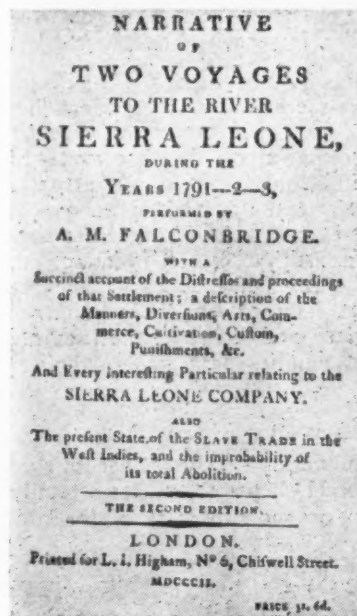
The incessant anarchy and disorder among the African tribes produced by their savage raids against one another to obtain supplies of slaves made all orderly development of trade in other commodities almost impossible, while the cut-throat competition between the slaving merchants of various countries made their profits small and precarious, and there was no attraction for large investments of capital.

For three centuries from 1488 to 1788 there were no true colonies in tropical Africa save the Portuguese settlements in Angola and Mozambique, but some English merchants had long desired to build up a sound and profitable trade in other African products than slaves, although all their efforts were in vain.

It was not until 1788 that the first continuing attempt was made to establish a free English colony in West Africa which should depend not upon the slave trade, but upon trade with the native inhabitants in the raw materials that they could obtain from their jungles.

Some such ideas had been the underlying motive of the attempts to establish the Province of Senegambia between 1763 and 1783, but those efforts had ended in utter shipwreck, and when France had won her victory in the War of the American Revolution, they came to an end.

It was not until five years later that they were started again and led to the establishment of the first free colony in tropical Africa, the British colony of Sierra Leone, which since 1788 has had a continuous though chequered life.



Title page of the book circulated to support the Sierra Leone project. (Falconbridge's book for promoting colonisation of Sierra Leone, 1802.)

The New Year Outlook

By Our City Editor

IT says much for the strength of the upward swing of the trade cycle that even the hindrances offered by most nations through their governments in the past year have failed to prevent improvement in the world economic situation. The latter has continued to show recovery despite the deterioration of political conditions, but there is one particular economic factor so bound up with the political as to be charged with the most dangerous possibilities, and this factor is the German position.

Germany has so far cut herself off from international finance and from co-operation in the economic sense as to be apparently unable to take advantage of improved conditions to regain her former position. For Germany to clamour for the return of her colonies as being essential to her supplies of raw material seems beside the point when, in fact, she is receiving sufficient means of exchange to build up her trade strength were she disposed to lessen expenditure on her national services, and particularly on armaments. With her complicated system of compensation agreements, Germany is proving a thorn in the side of British commercial interests abroad, and Britain must improve her export position to maintain her industrial activity at home. Should Germany show the slightest sign of gradually abandoning her policy of national self-sufficiency in favour of international co-operation, this would be the most favourable development that 1937 could be hoped to produce.

A Barter Agreement

The difficulty lies in bringing a much embarrassed Germany once again on to a cash trading basis, and Empire trading interests will welcome the attempt to bridge this cash gap between Germany and the British Empire by means of a new barter organisation to be known as Compensation Brokers, Ltd. It is hoped that by this means German buyers of, say, Australian wool may pay for their imports by manufactures for India or New Zealand, for example. It is a fact that at the moment British manufacturers are unable to give prompt delivery to Empire buyers owing to the disorganisation caused by the congestion of armament orders—an almost Gilbertian situation when the

unemployment of the past few years is borne in mind—and only by giving Germany more profitable employment than militarism can the European situation be improved.

But it is to be hoped that British manufacturers will not be persuaded to think that the future lies entirely in the acceptance of orders from a fickle Government.

The Rise in Commodities

The outstanding feature of the past year has been the substantial rise in commodities so that Reuter's general index, which includes also prices of silver and gold, stands at 176 against 100 at the time of Britain's departure from gold in 1931 and 144.5 a year ago. But prices have not caught up their 1929 levels by a long way yet and it is on the strength of this fact and of the fact that the higher volume of credit resources now than in 1929 should mean still higher prices now than then, that the ordinary stocks and shares of industrial companies remain such a good market. Out of all the artificial monetary conditions imposed upon us nowadays by the Treasury would seem to arise the necessity for leaving a period of waiting in between the realisation of fixed interest securities and the purchase of equities, for the latter move so much in relationship with gilt-edged stocks now. If gilt-edged be realised on any upward movement, as holders may well consider advisable, then the reinvestment of funds in equities should be deferred until the next recession in security prices.

With threatening news on all sides it is difficult for the investor to adhere to this long view, but this is the only one which will be worth following in any event. It seems impossible that managed currency can result in a continuance of interest rates at their present level when the upward movement in prices really gets a hold. The authorities here will not willingly be parties to further inflation, but it is doubtful all the same if they can prevent a price rise which has its roots in every country. Hence the belief that fixed interest securities are over-valued and that equities have still to register higher prices.

Rubber Over 11d.

The advance in Rubber by nearly 5d. per lb. over the past year to over 11½d. per lb. places a totally different complexion on the prospects of the pro-

NORTH BRITISH & MERCANTILE

INSURANCE Co., Ltd.

Total Assets £53,202,250

Total Income exceeds £10,300,690

LONDON: 61, Threadneedle Street, E.C.2

EDINBURGH: 64, Princes Street

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ducing companies. The prospect of a boom in Rubber shares in the early part of 1937 had already been forecast in these columns, and now the price rise would seem to provide some confirmation. It must be realised, however, that before the producing companies can record satisfactory profits, many of them have to reflect in their accounts the result of rising costs without corresponding increases in price. Consequently, the reports about to be published for the year to December 31 will make for the most part a poor showing.

The price of Rubber shares already discounts a considerable proportion of the improvement which the companies are at the moment experiencing but not, we think, by any means the whole of this improvement. Telogoredjo at 30s. 6d., Linggi at 30s. and United Sua Betong at 81s. are likely looking favourites, and among the "floriners" Merlimau at 4s. 6d. and United Serdang at 5s. 3d. appear as promising as most, while Chersonese and Cheviot at 4s. and 5s. 6d. respectively are reliable shares. But investors must realise that they are buying Rubbers for capital appreciation and not for income purposes.

COMPANY MEETING

RAPHAEL TUCK & SONS

Popularity of Productions Maintained

The annual general meeting of Raphael Tuck & Sons, Ltd., was held on December 21st, at Raphael House, Moorfields, London, E.C.

Mr. Gustave Tuck (chairman and managing director) said: Ladies and gentlemen, for some time past your directors have been negotiating with a view to strengthening your board. Arrangements are nearing completion whereby three gentlemen, including the chairman and another director of one of the most important and successful printing businesses in this country, will, it is hoped, be giving us the value of their services.

The Christmas and Greeting Card Dept., the largest section of our activities, continues to make progress, the popularity of these productions being unabated. Tuck's Books continue to appeal to the imagination of the younger generation. Our Calendars bring their full measure of joy for 12 months in the year.

Tuck's Postcards—the pioneers of picture postcards in this country—are being constantly added to with designs of an artistic and topical nature, the Local View section being responsible for a large increase in the circulation of these world-famous missives. The Accession of H.M. King George VI to the Throne evoked an immediate and natural desire for authentic portraits of their Majesties.

I have pleasure in announcing that we have just acquired the copyrights of two magnificent Royal paintings of the King and Queen by Mr. Simon Elwes, from sittings graciously accorded the artist, exhibited at the Royal Academy. The portrait of the King shows his Majesty as Colonel-in-Chief of the 11th Hussars, standing full length in the impressive and picturesque full-dress uniform of this famous regiment, against a background of wide open sky.

In his picture of Queen Elizabeth, the artist has depicted her Majesty exquisitely dressed in a white evening gown, seated against a white background, the whole effect being a masterpiece of portraiture and artistry. Reproductions of these two Royal pictures, for which we anticipate a heavy demand, not only at home but in our Dominions and Colonies overseas, will be ready towards the middle of next month.

The report was adopted.

MOTORING

Reckless Scrapping

BY SEFTON CUMMINGS

I HAVE received a communication from an association of motor dealers headed, "Two hundred and fifty thousand cars to be scrapped in 1937." The circular goes on to state that there are over 700,000 cars of five years old and over in the hands of private owners, and that at least a third of this number will be scrapped during 1937.

This means, the dealers declare gloatingly, that owners will find it increasingly difficult to trade in old cars at more than scrap value. They then continue their old pose of philanthropists concerned only with the public welfare. Pointing out that 150,000 cars have been scrapped in 1936 against 100,000 in 1935, the circular continues, "More dealers are realising that every unroadworthy car in use is not only a danger to the public, but also a black mark against the trade."

This is, doubtless, true but I would prefer a little more candour about such announcements. In the first place, unroadworthy cars are becoming less and less saleable as the public are growing more knowledgeable. In the second place, it is illegal to sell a car in such a condition. In the third place, it is obviously in the dealers' interest to scrap as many used cars as possible; for this assists the sale of new cars, prevents congestion of the dealers' space and goes a long way to help them over the difficult stile of part exchange. How much easier for dealers to combine and refuse to offer more than scrap price for customers' old cars than to compete against each other in offering higher prices in part exchange deals.

Old and New

I hope, for the dealers' own sake, as well as for the sake of the public, that this is not carried too far. No one wants dealers to be saddled with vehicles which really are unsafe to drive, still less does anyone want them to attempt to palm them off on the public. But it is not encouraging to a prospective purchaser of a new car to know that it will be worth nothing or practically nothing after five years, nor does it offer him much inducement to look after his car.

I admit that most cars are pretty inefficient at ten years old, London taxi cabs included; but there is no reason why they should be so at five or six years of age while even at ten years old they are not necessarily dangerous. They are, however, practically unsaleable. Surely it is much better to admit that nobody wants these very old cars and that this is the real reason for scrapping them.

To my mind any reputable make of car which has been driven with proper care should be perfectly serviceable at six or even seven years old.

The present propaganda on the part of the dealers savours rather of greed. It is natural that they should want to sell as many new cars as possible, but I feel that by trying to force the public to buy new cars they will defeat their own ends.

CINEMA

"The Garden of Allah"

BY MARK FORREST

MR. Hitchens's book, *The Garden of Allah*, has a great attraction for cinema companies, but its story is not one which, in view of the stricter censorship now being exercised in America, is easy to screen. The latest version, which is at the Leicester Square, has been made in Technicolor and thus achieves the distinction of being one of the earliest major pictures to be made in this medium.

Future of Colour

There is no doubt in my mind that colour has come to stay, whether it be Technicolor, Dufay or some other process, but up to the present, at any rate, Technicolor, which is the process with which one is most familiar, has some way to go before one will be able to praise it without any qualification. In *The Garden of Allah* the harshness of the tones is not so marked as it was in *Becky Sharp* or *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine*, but there are times when the flesh tints look remarkably unreal, and plenty of opportunities have been afforded one to notice the deficiencies because the director, Mr. Boleslawski, has been lavish with his close-ups. Unfortunately when the colour jars, the effect is not only irritating, but vitiates for the moment whatever dramatic qualities the particular scene may have.

The story of *The Garden of Allah*, as presented on the screen, is that of Domini Enfielden who goes to the desert to find the peace which passes understanding. On her way there she meets Boris Androvsky, the Trappist monk who has broke his vows and fled from the monastery.

A Psychological Study

He seeks to overcome his unhappiness by marrying Domini; but the world, in the persons of Count Anteoni and Captain de Trevignac, invades the desert and Domini learns the truth about her husband. Realising that only with God will he be happy, she sends him back to the monastery.

The story is not a lively one and, being a psychological study, should have been treated from that angle, but neither the monk's nor Domini's mind is explored, and the words which are put into their mouths are too trivial to arouse much interest in the travail of their souls.

Marlene Dietrich, who is for the most part beautifully photographed, if idiotically dressed, gives a performance that is nearly entirely static; Charles Boyer looks miserable, but that's about all. Tilly Losch dances with abandon for a short while, and Joseph Schildkraut, as the guide, provides what little humour there is.

BROADCASTING

Whitewash

BY ALAN HOWLAND

TO the juvenile mind—and I confess that I am the owner of one—there are few things more fascinating than whitewash. Some of my earliest recollections are connected with gentlemen in white coats slopping things all over the room and occasionally hitting the ceiling.

I am glad to be able to record that there is one place in London where the use of whitewash is still observed. It is an impressive building with ever so nice galleries. I refer, of course, to the House of Commons.

I am informed on credible authority that debates are staged there nearly every day and that the actors receive a salary for their performance. Whether all debates are quite as comic as the one which I witnessed (as a dead-head) I do not know; certainly I have never seen any pantomime which was half as funny.

The subject under discussion was that Palace of Fun, the B.B.C. The principal boy was an ex-Postmaster-General, the principal girl the present Postmaster-General and there were a good many ugly sisters on the Government side of the House. As far as I could see all the ogres were in the galleries looking on, and I spent an exciting evening wondering when Sir John Reith would come up through a trap.

Always Right

The great thing was the whitewash, which I believe had been kindly provided by Sir Josiah Stamp. You may take it from me that there were gallons of it.

At the end of a thoroughly hilarious evening, I was given to understand by His Majesty's Government that the B.B.C. never has, cannot and will never do anything wrong. As far as I can gather we have the best Broadcasting service in the world, by far the best programmes, and the finest staff that any Corporation could wish for. Not only that, the B.B.C. has always been and always will be a happy band of brothers. There has never been any friction either at Savoy Hill or Portland Place. Nobody has ever been dismissed or asked to resign, nobody has ever been the least unhappy. All the high officials live in acorn cups and pelt each other with bluebells and the whole thing is one Big, Big Figment invented by Sir James Barrie.

I wish I could believe all this but I cannot. At one time during the debate a really wicked Ogre came up through a trap on the Opposition side of the House. I gathered from Mr. Deputy-Speaker that he was the Honourable and Gallant member for Nuneaton. He was terribly wicked-Unclish and mentioned a flower not usually spoken of in public and quite too definitely taboo at Broadcasting House. I hoped that somebody would reply to the strictures of this very wicked Ogre, but nobody could; their mouths were too full of whitewash.

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Lady Houston's Cold Cure has Cured Thousands—Let it Cure You

In the days of Good Queen Victoria, who, wholly to our advantage, ruled us with a rod of iron and made her Ministers shiver in their shoes, there lived a celebrated physician named Dr. Abernethy, famed alike for his skill and his *rudeness*, of whom this story is told.

"Well, what's the matter with you?" said Dr. Abernethy to a new patient entering his consulting room.

"Only a cold," said the patient, timidly.

"Only a cold," said the great man; "what more do you want—the *plague*?"

I tell you this in order to impress upon you how important it is not to neglect a cold, and how you should *immediately* take every means to fight it tooth and nail. A cold is the forerunner of pneumonia and bronchitis, and very often ends in death.

My cure for a cold is the amalgamated wisdom of many famous Doctors. Here it is:—

Immediately the slightest sign of a cold shows itself, the wisest thing to do is to go straight to bed, with a hot water bottle, wrap your head in a shawl and try and sweat it out—taking the remedies I am going to give you forthwith. But if you cannot go to bed it will, of course, take longer to cure you.

THE CURE

(This is not for lazy people!)

Start with a nasal douche by sniffing up your nostrils and gargling your throat with a teaspoonful of mild disinfectant (such as Listerine) or, what is equally good, a teaspoonful of salt (not Cerebos), dissolved in a tumblerful of hot water. This must be done immediately, and always before and after food.

Next take at least 2, perhaps 3, table-spoonfuls of Castor Oil (this, of course, you won't like, but it is very necessary). The way to take Castor Oil so that you don't taste it is to cut an orange in two, then fill a tablespoon with the oil, swallow it quickly and suck the orange, and you won't taste the oil at all.

Take half a small teaspoonful of Langdale's Cinnamon in water three times during the day.

You should take your temperature and, if above normal, take 10 grains of Salicine (buy half a dozen packets of this drug—10 grains in each packet—and take one every two hours, taking not more than 3 doses in all). This, of course, is only for fever.

From the moment the cold starts, drink quantities of very hot water, as hot as you can sip it—about 2 big tumblers full at least every two hours.

Orange juice is very good taken for a cold, and also the juice of a lemon if put into hot water, or home-made lemonade, made with lemons cut up, with plenty of sugar, put into a jug with boiling water. This can be taken instead of the plain hot water.

Steep a small piece of cotton wool with Byard's Oil and put it up your nostrils and round your gums, several times during the day and night, and after drinking the hot water.

If you have a cough, Gee's Cough Linctus should be taken.

If the cough is very tiresome at night, a teaspoonful of yellow vaseline acts like magic and stops the cough immediately.

If the cold is not better after one day, continue the whole treatment again for another day, but if after two days there is no improvement, *which is most unlikely*, there must be complications and it would be best for you to consult a Doctor.

Lady Houston wishes it understood that this cold cure is only for a cold when it first makes its appearance and *not* for one that has been on for some time and becomes serious, or for bronchitis and pneumonia, but it will be found very useful for curing the cold before it becomes serious.

The Drugs to buy:—Listerine, Castor Oil, Byard's Oil, Langdale's Cinnamon, Gee's Cough Linctus, Yellow Vaseline.

If this remedy cures you, and I hope and believe it will, let your fee be—just saying—God bless Lady Houston.

L.H.

Reprinted from "The Saturday Review," 14th November, 1936.

WHAT HAS THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS EVER DONE FOR ENGLAND?

It has brought us every sort of trouble, loss of prestige, loss of trade with Italy and loss of work for Welsh miners, loss of millions of English money taken from the taxpayers' pockets, and the only solution of the mystery of this devastating policy to ruin us—one can think of is—that *Litvinoff must have extracted a promise from Mr. Eden that at all costs the League must be still continued* TO HELP THE BOLSHEVISTS CARRY ON THEIR DEVIL'S WORK TO DESTROY THE BRITISH EMPIRE AND CIVILISATION.



Battling Ramsay (to latest opponent): "For heaven's sake keep the fight going Herbert. Look what's come now!"

("When are you going to sue me for libel? I am waiting," wired Lady Houston to the Premier, referring to an article which appeared in "THE SATURDAY REVIEW" which was banned by the newsagents.)

1670

